The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

Next week we shall publish an Education Supplement containing, besides reviews, several articles of general interest, one of which will deal with the best methods of imparting a taste for literature in schools.

Mr. W. J. Stillman writes us as follows from Frimley Green, Surrey: "I am just now informed by a person, who himself seems directly informed, that the 'Light of the World' of Mr. Holman Hunt has been destroyed as heretical by a Roman Catholic lady who was its possessor. My information is that the destruction was decided on under the persuasion of the lady's confessor. Cannot some reader, if not yourself, confirm or, better, contradict the report?" We cannot believe it; but neither can we contradict it.

Mr. William Watson's illness has passed the acute stage, but his complete recovery will necessarily be slow.

The controversy as to the authorship of *Elizabeth and her German Garden* is still mildly agitating the literary backwaters. What if the Miss Beauchamp who married a German baron and the Countess Arnim were one and the same person? "C. K. S," in the *Sphere*, has a last quaint comment on the Pless legend: "It is probably sufficient for Princess Henry of Pless to carry out Mr. Ruskin's ideal of what is woman's noblest attribute—the art of looking charming." An agreeable epitaph on an imaginary literary reputation.

Mr. Thomas Wright is to publish, with Mr. Fisher Unwin, a volume of Cowper's verses, containing twenty-eight poems and fragments. This does not surprise, after the poet's recent centenary celebration; but we are always inclined to regret these disinterments of work which the author preferred to bury.

Mr. Murray sends us a specimen of the blue cover in which the *Monthly Review* will be issued. It is a little stern and official in appearance, but decidedly handsome, and unlike the cover of any other magazine. A small head of Minerva is stamped in relief in the centre of the front cover.

The *Free Lance* is to justify its adjective. Mrs. Clement Scott, who has just "won a prize for being one of the best-dressed women in London," is to contribute a weekly fashion article to the *Free Lance*, and is now in Paris organising her department. This promise of millinery is accompanied by another of war exposures "even more serious than Mr. Burdett-Coutts's recent charges."

In reference to a correspondent's letter of last week stating that the *Dictionary of National Biography* could not be procured at Mudie's, we have received a communication from Mr. William P. Dickson, of Glasgow, who was president of the Library Association in 1888. He reminds us that at the Glasgow meeting of that association he suggested that such works as Dr. Murray's *Dictionary of the English Language* and the *Dictionary of National Biography*, being indispensable to even the smallest public library, might be presented to such libraries, as a local benefit and public service, by men of means. The suggestion appears to us an admirable one, and not impossible of realisation.

The *Daily Mail*, a few days ago, published an article of the permissibly personal type on Mr. James Lane Allen. The writer points out that the author of *The Increasing Purpose* has revived in England that belief in the literary future of America which was born with Hawthorne and Poe, but which had faded in the interval because of the lack of genuine impulse and imagination in American work. This is a daring statement of English feeling, and also somewhat unjust to literary America. We admit that Mr. Allen has most worthily achieved his popularity, but it seems rather early to claim it as an indication on which to base a statement so general. Mr. Allen has put aside *The Mettle of the Pasture*, on which he has been at work, to take up another theme which has made a more urgent claim on his imagination. The writer in the *Daily Mail* is not at liberty to state the nature or title of this story, but suggests that it is to concern itself with recent psychological developments in the study of birds and animals: this, of course, in addition to strong human interest.

The further confessions of Marie Bashkirtseff, continued in the *Gentlewoman*, carry us on another two months, from November, '83, to January, '84. Her moods are unchangeably changeful:

> Now, I have here a study on Chopin, Liszt, Paganini—artists with hands kissed by duchesses, grand seigneurs, artist gods! Wagner was one of them. Then, my little one, you are sensible only of these mundane, noisy, and outward glories! No! But I demand that genius should be accompanied by them. Genius ought to enjoy all music, all incense, all flowers. Life, enriched with so much adoration, takes in my eyes its true aspect.
>
> Ah! my God! Let me be independent, let me work, make of me a veritable star!

How characteristic is this:

> I have made Julian come for my statue, which is finished as a sketch. He is entranced, and says, "Very good, exquisite, charming, captivating," which means that I no longer esteem Julian.

And this, which sums herself up so concisely:

> I am tempted to give thanks to God that I have painted the cap in the picture, and it looks very well. I have a nature so diverse and so droll that I might be one of the happiest creatures in the universe if . . . I really meant to be.

In the current number of the *Author* Sir Walter Besant has a word to say concerning the coming publishing season. He suggests that it would be wise to keep back experimental books, such as novels by new and little known writers, until the spring, when the Presidential Election, and probably our own General Election, will be over. Only the popular novelist can be sure of his readers in times of public excitement.

Mr. W. D. Howells's "Personal Retrospect of James Russell Lowell" in the September *Harper* is very good reading. Mr. Howells has already recounted his earliest meetings with Lowell; here he describes the intimacy which began in 1866 when, on his return from Venice, he became Lowell's neighbour at Cambridge. "He liked to have someone help him idle the time away, and keep him as long as possible from his work." Mr. Howells performed these duties, but that does not keep him from defending Lowell against the charge, so often brought against him, of being a rather idle man. Mr. Howells's evidence, it must be confessed, is stronger than his assertions. In obedience, perhaps, to the demands of his friends, Lowell once tried his hand at a novel—a fact not very generally known. He achieved one chapter, which Mr. Howells praised; but the thing was soon put away. Mr. Howells's calls were casual and delightfully intellectual.

> If I dropped in upon him in the afternoon I was apt to find him reading the old French poets, or the plays of Calderon, or the *Divina Commedia*, which he magnanimously supposed me much better acquainted with than I was, because I knew some passages of it by heart. One day I came in quoting:
>
> Io son, cantava, io son dolce Sirena,
> Che i marinai in mezzo al mar dismago.
>
> He stared at me in a rapture with the matchless music, and then uttered his admiration and despair in one word. "Damn!" he said, and no more. I believe he instantly proposed a walk that day, as if his study-walls, with all their vistas into the great literatures, cramped his soul liberated to a sense of ineffable beauty by the verse of the *sommo poeta*.

We hear something also of Lowell's fastidiousness in matters of vocabulary and style:

> He would go carefully over a poem with me, word by word, and criticise every turn of phrase, and after all be magnanimously tolerant of my sticking to phrasings that he disliked. In a certain line,
>
> The silvern chords of the piano trembled,
>
> he objected to *silvern*. Why not silver? I alleged leathern, golden, and like adjectives in defence of my word; but still he found an affectation in it, and suffered it to stand with extreme reluctance. Yet . . . he professed not to have prejudices in such matters, but to use any word that served his turn, without wincing; and he certainly did use and defend words, as *undisprivacied* and *disnatured*, that made others wince.
>
> He was otherwise such a stickler for the best diction that he would not have had me use slovenly vernacular even in the dialogue in my stories: my characters must not say they *wanted* to do so and so, but *wished*, and the like. In a copy of one of my books which I found him reading, I saw he had corrected my erring Western *woulds* and *shoulds*; as he grew old he was less and less able to restrain himself from setting people right to their faces. Once, in the vast area of my ignorance, he specified my small acquaintance with a certain period of English poetry, saying, "You're rather shady there, old fellow." But he would not have had me too learned, holding that he had himself been hurt for literature by his scholarship.

No complete life of Richardson, the novelist, has appeared since that by Mrs. Barbauld, in 1804. A new biography is shortly to be published by Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son. It is the work of Miss Clara Linklater Thomson, and contains much fresh matter, derived from Richardson's unpublished letters in the Forster collection at South Kensington, and from other contemporary sources.

Mr. Fortescue has given the *Bookman* some interesting information about the British Museum General Catalogue of books and the proposed new Subject Index. The General Catalogue is now completed to the end of 1899, and the usual Accession Catalogues are regularly prepared and absorbed in the General Catalogue, which now runs to four hundred volumes and seventy additional supplements. The cost of this catalogue has been roughly estimated at £40,000, or £2,000 a year spread over a period of twenty years, and copies have been supplied to most of the leading libraries in Europe at a cost of £84. Now that the staff employed on the General Catalogue is free to take up other work, it has been decided to start a Subject Index, which Mr. Fostescue hopes will be completed within ten years.

Mr. Claude Phillips, the Keeper of the Wallace Gallery, is about to write a series of articles on the various artistic "Collections in Hertford House" for the *Art Journal*, beginning with the January number of next year.

The special feature of the *Bookman* this month is Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams's illustrated article on Mark Twain. This is a very useful and interesting record of Mr. Clemens's career as a writer and a man. Mr. Clemens's present residence at Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid's house on Dollis Hill is noted, and we are told that he proposes to spend the winter in New York and return to his Hartford home next spring. Concerning Mark Twain's pet scheme of a portrait gallery of his contemporaries which is not to be published until one hundred years after his death, Mr. Williams says that Mark Twain takes it very seriously and works on it steadily.

> In many respects the work will be unparalleled in the history of literature. It will consist of descriptions of the men and women with whom he has been brought into personal contact, written with the single object of telling the whole truth, without malice and, at the same time, without respect of persons or social conventions. In Mr. Clemens's opinion a work of this kind is only possible under the conditions he has laid down for himself. A book that is not to be published for a century gives, he explains, the writer a freedom he could secure in no other way. It is only under these conditions that you can draw a man's portrait without prejudice, and yet have no fear of hurting his feelings or those of his sons or grandsons. A book published a hundred years hence containing honest and truthful portraits of monarchs, politicians, bootblacks, and shoemakers, of all the infinitely varied views of humanity with which Mark Twain has come in contact in the course of his long and active career, must be of greatest value to posterity. During the rest of his life Mr. Clemens means to produce a new portrait of old or new acquaintances whenever one comes vividly before his mind. The one passport to a place in his gallery is that the man or woman should have excited his interest. Elaborate arrangements have been made for the preservation of the MS. and for its publication when the time comes.

Apropos of our quotations on some of the numerous incidents of free library work, a Yorkshire librarian writes:—"Many of the 'malapropisms' and errors of library book-borrowers (such as those you quote in your issue of September 1) are so stale and 'chestnutty' that I know you editors look upon them dubiously and with the regard of old acquaintance. However, the following came under my immediate notice only two days before I picked up the Academy of Saturday last. A lady reader here inquired (for the second time) of one of my assistants if we had any of the *novels of Derrick Vaughan*. She had read the famous work of Miss Edna Lyall (so she stated), and was anxious to make further acquaintance with the literary work of the individual described as 'Derrick Vaughan, Novelist.'"

THE *Elf* is as elfin as ever. It tumbles about in one's hand, a litter of beautiful printing, book-plates, songs, and fine writing. This is the manner of it:

A SUMMER SHOWER.

Upon a Summer day it chanced that a little pink cloud floated merrily upon the dawn-stream. Its golden sails were filled with sweet zephyrs from the South and West, and it had travelled far with a cargo of pearls to traffick with the under-world. This strange vessel was manned by cherub sailors, each well versed in current and shoal, storm and derelict meteor.

. . . . . .

Thus they had travelled, favoured by the two soft winds, till they came close upon a great mountain top. Then the wind grew stronger.

The great wood, which clothed the mountain in unbroken foliage and was the habitation of many singing birds, seemed to roll and toss in waves and breakers of dark green.

. . . . . .

The little cloud floated nearer.

One sailor was at the prow, another at the helm with anxious face. The sail was slackened and a golden anchor dropped. Bravely for a moment did the little craft ride the gale, then smote hard and rent her fair side. And, as she sank in the swirling pine-tree, showered the wood with gleaming pearls.

Thus they write at the Peartree Press, White Cottage, Shorne, near Gravesend, Kent. The *Elf* is flawlessly produced. The scarlet cord that ineffectually holds it together seems to have been tied by restful hands under a pear-tree.

ONE of the most welcome books of the autumn season will be the *Letters of T. E. Brown*. Mr. Sidney T. Irwin, who edits them, has written an introduction, in which he claims for the author of *Fo'c'sle Yarns* a very high place in the ranks of letter-writers. Of Brown's style Mr. Irwin says:

Gray, Cowper, Byron, Lamb, FitzGerald, not one of these has a manner of which Brown's could be called a reproduction, or to which his manner could really be compared. If there is in it something of the allusiveness of Lamb, it is still not Lamb's allusiveness but his own. Cowper and FitzGerald—separated as they are by something like a century—have that in common which is emphatically *not* a characteristic of these letters. Cowper wrote, he said, "nothing above the pitch of everyday scribble": and no admirer of Brown could contend that his slightest fragment could be so described; while the "carelessness" which so charms us in FitzGerald is no less absent. Brown knew he was not careless. "I like," he said, "to please my friends." But in Pope's phrase, "There's a happiness as well as care," and the best things in these letters, like the best things in the writer's conversation, came with a rush of spontaneity, and were lavished indifferently on the simple and the cultivated.

Messrs. Constable will issue the *Letters* in two volumes.

WE wonder how many of our readers could give good replies, offhand, to the examination questions on *Robinson Crusoe* which are set by *St. Nicholas* to its September readers. Here they are:

1. From whom did the hero take his first name? What was his last name, in its true form? What does the name mean in its original language?
2. How came Robinson to visit America?
3. On what day was he cast on his island home?
4. Supposing the story true, what persons occupied the throne in England during his stay on the island? What was happening in North America about that time?
5. How old was Robinson Crusoe when wrecked?
6. How did he know that the footprint on the sand was not made by his own foot?
7. What did "Benamuckee" mean to Friday?
8. How long was Crusoe on the island until rescued?
9. How came Crusoe into the ownership of a fortune during his absence from civilisation?

Another question, "What well-known men and women were young enough to enjoy *Robinson Crusoe* when it was 'just out'?" is answered to some extent by the editor, who points out that Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, Buffon, Fielding, Linnæus, Haller, and Chatham were, in 1719, the date of the first edition, boys of the right age to enjoy the story. Probably nearly all these read *Robinson Crusoe*. But why omit Dr. Johnson, who was ten years old, and the son of a bookseller, when Defoe's romance appeared? Another probable pioneer reader was David Hume, who was eight years old when the story was new.

THE death of Dr. Henry Sidgwick, who recently retired from the Professorship of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, and had been President of the Society of Psychical Research, removes an honoured and dignified figure from our midst. The *Methods of Ethics* was, perhaps, the most powerful of his works. It is interesting to recall the fact that Charlotte Brontë was at one time governess to the future philosopher. Prof. Sidgwick was one of the early contributors to the ACADEMY, and for recreation devoted himself to novel reading.

IN the midst of the endless clamour and paragraphs concerning what Miss Marie Corelli has been doing, it is interesting to read the following mild reminder in the *British Weekly*: "Miss Marie Corelli's promised biography of Mr. Eric Mackay, which was to be prefixed to a volume of his poems, has not yet appeared."

MR. V. TCHERTKOFF, of *The Free Age Press*, Maldon, Essex, has received from Count Tolstoy the MS. of *The Slavery of our Times*, the inquiry into the results of modern industrialism on which Tolstoy has been engaged for some months. It will be translated by Mr. Aylmer Maude, and published at one shilling by *The Free Age Press*, probably during October, simultaneously with new threepenny editions of Tolstoy's story of the early Christians, *Work while Ye Have the Light*, and his autobiography, *How I Came to Believe*, or *My Confession*, as it has been called in England. In the preface to *The Slavery of our Times* Tolstoy writes:

Nearly ten years ago the census in Moscow evoked in me a series of thoughts and feelings which I expressed as well as I was able in my book, *What Must We Do Then?* At the close of last year (1899) I was led to re-examine these problems, and the conclusions I reached were the same as in that book. But as it seems to me that during these ten years I have succeeded in thinking over the subjects more coolly and circumstantially, and in connection with the theories circulating to-day, I now offer my readers the new considerations leading to these conclusions, thinking that they may be useful to those who sincerely strive after the elucidation of their position among mankind, and the clear definition of the moral obligations which issue from this position; and therefore I print them.

The fundamental idea both of the former book and the present is the negation of coercion. This negation I learnt and understood from the Gospel, where it is expressed most clearly in the words "Ye have heard it said, An eye for an eye" . . . *i.e.*, You were taught to use coercion against coercion, but my teaching is, Offer your other cheek to the smiter; *i.e.*, suffer violence but do not commit it." I know that these great words, owing to the carelessly-perverted and uniform interpretations of both Liberals and Church, will be for the majority of so-called educated people a reason for not reading this work, or for a biassed attitude toward it. And yet, nevertheless, I place these words at the beginning of my book.

Some remarks on his own holiday reading by Claudius Clear, in the current *British Weekly*, bear out what we said in a recent article about the critic's relations with books. "On holiday," says Claudius Clear, "I read what I choose, and I re-read a great deal." His comments on some of the older books are interesting and acute. One of our competitors, a fortnight ago, said of Thackeray, he "must have had a heart, but it was not always in the right place." That was crude, but we have always felt, and have more than once indicated our belief, that the old cry about Thackeray's cynicism was not altogether groundless. The effect of a re-perusal of *Vanity Fair* on Claudius Clear was to put him in sympathy with Miss Muloch's characterisation of *Vanity Fair* as "the most brilliant, the most heartless, and the most hateful of modern fictions." Part of Claudius Clear's own verdict is: "He is to be admired with discrimination. No one looked up to him more than Charlotte Brontë did, and yet she knew his weakness as well as his strength. The oftener one reads *Vanity Fair* the more one is able to read between the lines and to discern how terrible is the meaning in some of its greatest passages." It is only right to add that C. C. warmly recognises Thackeray's fine qualities.

The National Home-Reading Union, fresh and serious as ever, issues the syllabus of its twelfth reading season. Three courses are proposed. The first is the Young People's Course. The second is the General Course, which is intended for those who have but little leisure. The third is the Special General, and is chosen for advanced students who wish for "systematic historial help." This course includes the following subjects:

English History, from 1789.
Modern English Literature.
The Tragedies of Shakespeare.
Browning.
Mediæval and Early Renaissance Literature.
India.
French History, 1275-1789.
German Lyrical Poetry.
Education.
Astronomy.

That is enterprising indeed.

Bibliographical.

I hope Mr. Andrew Lang is not going to spoil his style by affectations. In *Longman's* this month he says: "As we turn over the Early Poems [of Tennyson] we cannot too much *admire* [the italics are mine] the blindness or the prejudice which failed to recognise their extraordinary and original merits." Here Mr. Lang is using "admire" in the strict philological sense; but, as that is not the sense in which "admire" is now generally used, to utilise it in that way is to be guilty of rather paltry pedantry. Mr. Lang, moreover, is a little too airy in his comments. He says of Tennyson: "The plays, of course, are, in his case, not 'the thing.'" Mr. Lang has in his mind, I assume, the acting qualities of the plays, but the value of his *ipsi dixit* depends upon whether he ever witnessed performances of "Queen Mary," "The Falcon," "The Cup," "The Foresters," and, above all, "Becket." "The Promise of May" was before its time; it would have now, in all probability, a reception very different from that which was originally accorded to it. "Harold" has not been played. All the rest have been welcomed more or less kindly, while in "The Foresters" and "Becket," respectively, Miss Rehan and Sir Henry Irving made one of the biggest successes of their lives.

Mr. W. E. Garrett Fisher, writing in the *Cornhill* on "Feasts in Fiction," seems to think that he is a pioneer in that field of literary research. So far is he from being that, that I remember reading an article, practically on the same subject ("Some Dinners in Fiction"), in one of the numbers of *All the Year Round* some ten or a dozen years ago. The writer of that article displayed wider reading than Mr. Fisher exhibits. He drew, as Mr. Fisher does, upon Peacock, Thackeray, and Dickens, but drew also upon Scott, Bulwer, and Beaconsfield (not to mention Hook, Anthony Trollope, James Payn, Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. Thomas Hardy), whom Mr. Fisher ignores. "Among modern authors," says the *Cornhill* writer, "there can be no question that the pre-eminence in this, as in most other branches of fiction, must be assigned to Thackeray." But are not Lord Beaconsfield's "dinners in fiction" more notable and memorable than any in Thackeray? How about that historic repast at which Lord St. Aldegonde, rejecting "all the indelicacies of the season," requested to be supplied (if I remember rightly) with cold beef?

It is stated that "Mr. J. A. Hammerton has completed his work on Mr. J. M. Barrie and his books. This will include a full bibliography." Mr. Hammerton appears to be rather in a hurry. According to *Who's Who*, Mr. Barrie is only in his forty-first year, and in the ordinary course of nature has many years of work before him. His publications number only nine, all told—one of the nine (*An Edinburgh Eleven*) being a mere pamphlet, and another (*Better Dead*) of slight dimensions. Mr. Hammerton, I understand, has been a journalist in the provinces. Does he intend, I wonder, to identify for us all the articles Mr. Barrie wrote for the *Nottingham Journal* during his connexion with that paper? Any way, it seems early in the day to present the world with "a full bibliography" of Mr. Barrie. Mr. Hammerton, by the way, may be remembered by some as the compiler of a book on *The Actor's Art*, published in 1897.

In *The New Order* Mr. Oswald Crawfurd resumes the practice of an art which he has practically neglected since 1888. Four years ago, it is true, his name was attached to a volume of short stories called *The White Feather*, but his latest substantial novel was that of *Sylvia Arden*, brought out twelve years ago. He began "fictionising" in 1884, with *The World We Live In*; then came, in 1885, *A Woman's Refutation*, and, in 1887, *Beyond the Seas*. More lately he has produced two or three anthologies. He has certainly shown versatility. Besides writing and compiling some books, he has helped to publish many others; he has dabbled in journalism, and has been Consul at Oporto. The list of his literary *noms-de-guerre* is, perhaps, the longest in history.

So good old Samuel Richardson is not wholly forgotten after all. A lady has written "a biographical and critical study" of him, which is to be published shortly. That the work should have been undertaken by a woman is eminently appropriate, for Richardson was a great favourite with the sex in his own day, and it is by women, probably, that he is most read now. Miss Thomson's "study" is the first that has been devoted to Richardson for some time. The latest notable essay on the novelist is that which Mr. H. D. Traill included in his volume on *The New Fiction, &c.* (1897).

"The Rev. A. W. Hutton is to write the article on Manning in the supplement to the *Times*' edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*." Why, certainly; what more natural or proper? Did not Mr. Hutton produce in 1892 a full-blown biography of Cardinal Manning? Did he not contribute an account of him to the "English Leaders of Religion" series? If any man knows the subject, *he* does.

I mentioned the other day, with reference to Dr. Airy's coming volume on Charles II., that he had edited for the Clarendon Press a portion of Barnet's *History of My Own Times*, and published it in 1897. I am asked to add that a second volume of the *History*, bringing the narrative down to the end of Charles's reign, was brought out, under Dr. Airy's editorship, in March last.

The Bookworm.

Reviews.

Ouida's Apology.

Critical Studies. By Ouida. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

WHATEVER the reader may think of this volume, however he may be offended by its contempt for modernity, with its mechanism, militarism, and science, he will be compelled to admit that the subjects herein discussed concern him vitally. Art and Literature are not mere luxuries of life, they are absolute necessities, which the soul can no more live without than the body can without bread.

In these thirteen essays—all of which, except the one on W. Scawen Blunt, have appeared before—Ouida reveals her skill and delicacy in interpreting the art work of her contemporaries. Although she has been writing novels for more than a generation—*Under Two Flags* was published in 1868—yet the chief labour of her life, far from blunting her critical acumen, has added to its incisiveness, and increased the sweep and certainty of her generalisations; nor has her passion for art, as is too frequently the case, withdrawn her interest from communal matters. To many who have never cared to understand her these studies will come as a surprise; to a few their interest will lie not so much in the new vistas opened up by her sympathetic treatment of D'Annunzio, Georges Darien, J. H. Rosny, Cherbuliez, and others, as in the high seriousness with which she regards the novelist's craft. Witness the following:

> It does not appear even to occur to Sir John Lubbock that a fine novel contains intellectual qualities of the highest kind, and combines in itself the widest effects and the most delicate minutiæ of creative art. A fine novel should be no more "run through" than the sculptures of the Vatican or the pictures of the Uffizi should be run through in ignorance and haste; common readers, like common tourists, may do so; but to do so is as gross and unpardonable an insult as it is to the sculptures and the paintings.

In such terms in a hundred places does the writer magnify her office. Indeed, if we may accept Bacon's cynical remark that we praise in others the virtues which we are known to possess ourselves, a fitting sub-title to this volume would be "Apologia pro mea arte." In a kindly study of the brothers Rosny, whom (quoting a French critic) she speaks of as "the authors of to-morrow," or *les jeunes*, she does not permit the joints in their armour to go unnoted:

> True art is natural, and this new school [the school to which the brothers Rosny belong] is seldom natural; there is more eccentricity of manner in it than originality of thought; there is too great an effort, too perpetual a strain in its productions; frequently, as in the case of Maurice Barrès, subtlety of language is employed to conceal absolute poverty of idea; or, as in the case of Georges Ohnet, to clothe mere wooden puppets with a semblance of life by skill in depicting incident.

Again, in a footnote to a translation of a few pages of *L'Impérieuse Bonté*, she writes:

> What I have translated as "oxidised silver" is in the original "blackened nickel"—one of those unfortunate, grotesque, inharmonious expressions of which there are many in this book. To compare water, the liquid, the mobile, the translucent, to any metal is a strange and unfitting comparison.

This is fearless criticism, all the more so that it will send her enemies rummaging through her books for the pleasure of a *tu quoque*; but there is more to come:

> There is in the Rosnys the distressing habit, common to all the more recent French writers, with few exceptions, of endeavouring to be pedantic, to be involved, to express an idea barbarously and bewilderingly instead of harmoniously and clearly; to say *épiderme* instead of *peau*, *véridique* instead of *vrai*, *prunelles* instead of *yeux*; to use the jargon of science, the abomination of foreign or technical idioms; to turn away from the natural, the direct, the usual, the obvious, and seek an appearance of profundity in what is merely a confusion of sounds.

What critic would discover the absence of all these defects in Ouida's own novels if she did not first show them the way? And yet—at least, in the present volume—she comes out from the test almost scatheless. The criticism of Marion Crawford's Italian novels is acute and penetrating. One could make up out of it the whole art of novel writing according to Ouida:

> Mr. Crawford can create the most delicate *aquarelles* and the most glaring of posters. Mr. Crawford never loses himself in his creations, and his style never varies, whether he treats of horrible psychological mysteries in Prague or of pleasant carnival scenes in Rome.

His masterpiece is *Marzio's Crucifix*, in which he attained a naturalness of treatment which makes his "detestable melodrama," as in the *Witch of Prague*, all the more inexcusable. He is at his best when writing of the gentleman in the society he knows so well. His defects are many; his characters do not grow; they are not always consistent, and he lacks versatility; he is constantly raising "the expectations of the reader by indications which result in nothing, signposts in a road which do but lead to a blank wall"; and, greatest indictment of all:

> To Mr. Crawford as to Peter Bell, a primrose by the river's side is a primrose, and it is nothing more, and the thrush or linnet which sings in the hawthorn above the primrose roots for him has no existence. He has the American's indifference to all created things which are not human. There are no animals in his books except two poor terriers (who have their necks broken by the odious lover in *To Leeward*) . . . and he calls a cicala a locust.

This last criticism reminds one of her comment on D'Annunzio's line—"there leaned some *purple* flowers":

> Campanulas, spotted orchis, or foxgloves, I suppose. It is characteristic of him that he sighs for an "unseizable secret," and does not take the trouble to learn the names of the flowers he sees.

The essay which perhaps bristles most with controversial matter deals with "Unwritten Literary Laws":

> If a conversation be considered confidential, how much more should a correspondence be so? A letter in any degree intimate is a hostage given into the hands of its recipient. We are justified in expecting that any sentiments, views, or opinions it may contain shall not go beyond the reader, for whom they have been penned.

And in a postscript to this essay the author adds: "Since this was written, the letters of Ruskin and Rossetti have been published; a greater offence to dead men could not be committed."

This is much too sweeping. Ruskin said that all the world might, if it wished, read any letter he had ever written. During his life he approved of the publication of a selection from his letters, and we should be all the poorer without *Hortus Inclusus*. Ouida makes no reference to Browning although, on the publication of his and his wife's letters many critics held it a violation of a sacred trust on the son's part, for all that his father had given him permission to do as he thought best. Of course, there is not a shadow of excuse for putting letters under the world's coarse thumb against the expressed wish of the writer of them; where no such wish has been made known, it must be left to the sensitiveness, good taste, and generosity of the holders of the letters to determine whether what is told in secret shall be proclaimed from the house-tops. There can be on such a question no absolute law, written or unwritten. Another question raised in the same essay is the anonymity of the Press. Here, again, no law could be more arbitrary and un-

necessary than that all articles should be signed. It is usual in France to sign articles in the daily papers; and we doubt whether things are better there because of the practice. Perhaps the solution of this very difficult problem will be found in a compromise: let the leaders which definitely commit the paper to a policy be signed. Reviews of books, special articles and columns are now very frequently initialled; and when we get "a finer, juster, higher kind of public feeling," each contribution will be judged on its merits, and not approved or disapproved prejudicially because of the signature. Another objection may be urged. An editor may hold that his leader is not to be regarded as his own personal statement, but the statement of a society or section whose servant he is. Another grievance—one which the writer shares with many other writers—is the shameless way in which literary piracy evades the law. For these thefts there is very little chance of redress in the present state of libel law: if an author is scoundrel enough to steal from another, he will contrive to do so for all the laws, be they ever so carefully drafted. Another unwritten law—or, rather, one that Ouida would like to see in force—is that when once a romance, or a story, or a poem has been published, it should remain intact for all time. Her argument is that a work as soon as it is published passes irrevocably to the world Were such the law, the first editions of all poems, &c., would in future be the received text, and *variæ lectiones* would be unknown. As a simple matter of fact, poets and authors have introduced slight alterations into the texts of their books, and it is difficult to see why they should be debarred from so simple and harmless a satisfaction. There is little point in urging that the painter is not allowed to repaint his picture after sale, or a sculptor to saw off an arm of his statue and substitute another for it; because in such cases the painting or statue is the only one in existence, whereas in the case of a book, whatever emendations are introduced into the text of it, the author will not seize your first edition and substitute for it another. Another offence to our author is the six-shilling novel, with its ugly cloth back, bad type, and poor paper, which is compared unfavourably, both in price and *format*, with French and Italian books.

> I have now before me a book of Pompeo Molmenti's, issued by Bemporad, of Florence; its cost is two francs twenty-five centimes; less than one-and-sixpence in your money. It is bound in thick cream-coloured paper; it is called *Il Moretto di Brescia*, being a brief study of the life and works of the great artist of whose pure and noble work the city of Brescia is full. . . . The type is large, the paper fine, the illustrations (phototyped) are of extreme delicacy and beauty, rendering worthily the works of Moretto. . . . Will you tell me where I should find anything equal to it at its price in London?

We leave the question with the readers of the Academy.

The final paper deals with the destruction of Venice; it is a terrible indictment of modern insensibility to beauty. Everywhere in Italy the speculator is at work destroying memorials of the past. Here and there a voice is raised against the laws which permit it, but apparently without avail:

> In Italy such destruction is more sad and shameful than anywhere else in Europe, by reason of the magnificence and glory of her past, which was a Pharos of light and leading to the earth, is now every year and every day receding farther and farther into darkness; that dreadful darkness of the modern world which comes of polluted waters and polluted air, of the breath of poisoned lungs, and the pressure of starving crowds. The basest form of venality, the lowest form of greed, have fastened on her with the tentacles of the devil-fish, and are every hour devouring her.

Well might the President of the Academy ask despairingly, "Non può Lei far nulla per salvere la nostra povera Venezia?"

Archaic Manners and Morals.

Oldest Books in the World. By Isaac Myer. (Kegan Paul.)

In this oddly-named volume—we take the omission of the article to be due to the American objection to waste time—are collected such antique stuff as the Book of Kaquemna, the maxims of Ptah-Hotep and of Ani, an anonymous set of gnomic sayings from Leyden, extracts from the Book of the Dead, and a Demotic papyrus of the Louvre. A full translation of each document, with a dissertation thereon by Mr. Myer, fac-similes of some of the papyri, and woodcuts from others, go to make up a handsome book. Anybody interested in the greater and lesser ethics of the ancient Egyptians and unacquainted with the documents themselves—perhaps a rare combination—will find here plenty of materials for a judgment upon them.

The claim of these MSS. to be the oldest in the world is, we think, but very imperfectly made out. None of them were written before the Twelfth Dynasty—some poor 3,000 years B.C.—and most of them had their birth in the palmy times of the Eighteenth, seventeen centuries later. It is quite true that the two first mentioned claim to have been first written in the Fourth and Fifth Dynasties respectively; but it is doubtful whether this is more than a literary device on the part of the author, comparable to that whereby all the later European conjuring books were regularly attributed either to King Solomon or (*mirabile dictu!*) Pope Honorius III. The Pyramid Texts, too, as we are accustomed to call the lengthy ritual engraved on the inside of the Pyramids of Unas, Papi, and others, can be actually dated to about 3,500 B.C. Mr. Myer, indeed, would draw a distinction between inscriptions like these and writings on papyrus, but it is quite certain that the workmen who carved the ritual on stone must have had some more portable MS. to work from. Moreover, we are much mistaken if some of the clay tablets—going back, it is said, to 6,000 B.C.—brought back by the American Expedition to Babylonia, do not turn out, when deciphered, to be books in every sense of the word. On the whole, therefore, we can only take these Egyptian papyri to have only a provisional claim to the place their collector would assign to them.

It will surprise no one acquainted with such matters to find that the first of these books refers to so trivial a subject as etiquette. Just as the modern schoolboy will pardon a crime, but be implacable towards a breach of his own peculiar code of manners, or as a Zulu chief, while smashing the Decalogue to pieces, will die of shame if he be caught speaking to his mother-in-law, so the ancient Egyptian thought a gentlemanlike deportment far above rubies. Like the *Babees Book*, which, oddly enough, was one of the first books printed by our own Caxton, the Book of Kaquemna mostly concerned itself with the behaviour of its readers at table. "If thou sit at meat with a number of persons," says the sage, "despise the dishes which thou lovest; it is a short time to restrain thyself; voracity is a degrading thing because bestiality is in it." Yet the rule is not without its exceptions. "Shrink not from meat in the presence of a glutton, take what he gives thee, refuse it not. . . . Lo! the refusal would be disappointing." And the guest's complacency is supposed to extend to drinkables. "If thou art drinking with a wine-bibber, take thou what he offers; it will please his heart." A too close adherence to Kaquemna's maxims might have got the Egyptian with a weak digestion into trouble.

The maxims of Ptah-Hotep, two dynasties later, rise above this nursery-governess wisdom, and tell the reader how to conduct himself in debate. "If thou hast to do with a disputer whilst he is in his heat, and he is thy superior in ability, lower the hands, bend the back, do not get into a passion with him," says Ptah-Hotep. "It is a great error to interrupt him, and proclaims that thou art not capable of being tranquil when contradicted."

Excellent advice this, but who on earth ever thought that a speaker with a different opinion was one's "superior in ability"? Another of Ptah-Hotep's rules is more open to question:

> If thou art one of those who carry messages from one great man to another, conform thyself exactly to what he has entrusted thee with. . . . He who perverts the truthfulness of his message so as to repeat only what may be pleasing of the words of any man, great or small, is a detestable person.

Those who remember Gérôme's picture in which the angry Pharaoh sits among the corpses of the messengers who have brought him ill-tidings might think, to use the Irish phrase, that it would be better for the Egyptian to be a detestable person for a few minutes than to be a dead man for the rest of his life. But the fact that the world was made for the rich and great is the axiom that Ptah-Hotep never tires of repeating. "As to the great man who has plenty of the means of existence," he says, "his line of conduct is as he wishes. He does what pleases himself." And ordering oneself lowly before one's betters is not only wisdom, but a religious duty: "If thou humblest thyself in obeying a superior, thy conduct is wholly good before God." While the duty of the master is to see that his servant knows what is to be done, and then does it. "Give orders without reserve to those who do wrong, and to him who is of a turbulent disposition; and he will not deviate from the straight path." But to avoid losing one's temper is the supreme duty: "Keep thyself from attacks of bad temper," says Ptah-Hotep, "it is a fatal malady which leads to discord, and there is no longer any existence for him who entangles himself therein." Even a judge is implored to be patient. "Do not ill-treat the petitioner," is the advice to him—"that would discourage him. Do not say to him, 'Thou hast already said that.' The means of obtaining a clear explanation is to listen with kindness."

But the ancient Egyptian was capable of rising to higher rules of conduct than these, and the Negative Confession in the Book of the Dead gives as good a rule of life as we meet with in ancient literature. "I have given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, a boat to the shipwrecked," says the soul when appearing before its judges. "I have not ill-treated slaves. I have not defrauded the oppressed of their property. I have not caused pain. I have done no murder. I have not given order for murder to be done for me. I have not committed fornication. I have not borne false witness. I have not encroached upon the fields of others. I have not done harm unto animals. I have not been a tale-bearer." Such are some of the sentences that can be picked out of the various recensions, and, although they are mixed up with the repudiation of many merely technical offences against religion, they make up a body of morality which it would be hard to beat in similar documents of Jews or Christians. In one respect, indeed, they are distinctly superior to anything of the kind. Nothing, as has been said by one who is a savant as well as an Anglican priest, in the Old or New Testament condemns lying pure and simple, a fact which he attributes to the fact that among the Jews lying, except under special circumstances, is not regarded as a fault. Yet the Egyptian code of morals is much more in accordance with Aryan ideas of honour. "I am not one who telleth lies in the place of truth," says the justified soul, and "I have not told a lie to any man" is the version of it given in Ptolemaic times. "God punishes the liar" is also one of the maxims of Ani, who goes at some length into the wickedness of even the injured attempting to escape by saying the thing which is not.

Thus we see the ideal that the ancient Egyptian set before himself. Space prevents us from giving it in full, yet what we have given is perhaps a fair sample of the rest. He seems to have been a kindly person, affectionate and even thoughtful for his family and slaves, courteous in manners and anxious to fulfil his duties to the State and his rulers, while he avoided in theory all the grossest vices. How far he adhered to the pattern he set himself we cannot, of course, say, but the fact that the ideal was a high one speaks well for him, and must have more or less influenced his conduct.

Of the present volume it only remains to say that Mr. Myer, whom we only know as the author of a very rambling book on the Cabala, and another on Scarabs, which did not, if we remember right, arouse the approbation of Egyptologists, is evidently not a painful and accurate scholar. Otherwise he would not translate *Neb-er-teher*, which means Lord of Totality or *dominus universi*, as "Lord of the Company of Gods," or spell cynocephalus as "kynokephallos." There are many other mistakes in the book, but as the translations he here gives are nearly all taken (with due acknowledgment and reference) from the works of Egyptologists of authority, this need not interfere with the general reader's appreciation of his material.

Full-Dress Topography.

Fulham, Old and New. By Charles James Fèret. (The Leadenhall Press. 3 vols. £3 3s.)

Mr. Fèret calls his work an "exhaustive" history of Fulham. It is exhaustive as distinct from literary. Everything is set down; the suburb is raised before us brick by brick. These three large quarto volumes contain, together, a thousand pages; together they weigh 15½ lbs. avoirdupois. We can make no pretence to follow Mr. Fèret in his itinerary of the vast London suburb which a hundred years ago was a riverside village with a fishery and an unrivalled peal of bells. Generalisation is outside his method, which is that of a collector rather than an historian. We cannot too highly praise the industry and the boundless patience with detail which Mr. Fèret has brought to his task. All that pedigrees, church registers, vestry minutes, old newspapers and magazines, deeds, manorial rolls, and parish reports could yield him Mr. Fèret has appropriated. Our admiration for his industry begets the one criticism which we have to make against his achievement. A work like this—full of detail and broken matter—should have had more care bestowed on its minor arrangements. Mr. Fèret has made it difficult for the reader to find where the account of a house or street begins and ends. Thus, in vol. ii., p. 134, we have the following marginal headings near the top of the page: "Brightwell's.—Parson's Green House.—Villa Carey.—Peterborough House." But the twenty-two pages governed by these side-headings are one long array of paragraphs, quotations, &c., in which the beginnings and ends of their subjects elude the eyes. In the chapter headed "Crabtree" (vol. iii., p. 60), the reader may well be confused between Crabtree House, Lord Peterborough's house called "La Trappe," and Brandenburgh House. Throughout the work the top margins have been entirely neglected as a means of guiding the reader, who must soon be irritated by the lifeless repetition of "Fulham Old and New" on every page. On the other hand, our praise of the book is not yet exhausted. Its five hundred illustrations, carefully selected and admirably printed, are a wonderful topographical series. From many of these photographs artists might learn that the despised suburbs are full of chance beauty.

It is on the records of the literary associations of Fulham that we at last settle. These, however, are not very numerous nor very striking. Fulham is a literary Mecca only to those—they are a very little band—who have an enthusiasm for Samuel Richardson. The vainest, and nearly the greatest, of novelists lived for fifteen years in a house which still stands in the North End-road. The house is really the north half of a mansion which has

long been divided into two equal portions. To-day the two halves have been so differentiated to the eye by alterations that their former unity would hardly be suspected. Richardson's portion, which is capitally photographed in Mr. Fèret's second volume, is a fine old red brick Georgian house, very square and genteel and mellow, but not in any way remarkable. Here the well-to-do printer and novelist held his court. Here was the grotto in which he wrote, and of which the exact position in the garden has been debated by antiquaries with becoming ardour. Mrs. Barbauld saw it before alterations set in. "It was on this seat, Mr. Le Fevre told me, that *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, and *Grandison* received their birth; I kissed the inkhorn on the side of it." Another early gleaner of Richardsonian traditions was Sir Richard Phillips, and Mr. Fèret incorporates a good story which shows how even early inquirers may be baulked in the search after hero-relics and hero-gossip. Wishing to make sure that this was the novelist's house, Sir Richard put some questions to an aged widow who kept a public-house near the corner of North End-lane, where she had lived about fifty years.

> She remembered his person, and described him as a round, short gentleman, who, most days, passed her door, and she said she used to serve his family with beer. "He used to live and carry on his business," said I, "in Salisbury-square." "As to that," said she, "I know nothing, for I never was in London." "Never in London!" said I; "and in health, and the free use of your limbs?" "No," replied the woman; "I had no business there, and had enough to do at home." "Well, then," I observed, "you know your own neighbourhood the better. Which was the house of Mr. Richardson in the lane?" "I don't know," she replied, "I am, as I told you, no traveller. I never was up the lane. I only know he did live somewhere up the lane." "Well," said I, "do you go to church?" "No," said she, "I never have time. On Sundays our house is always full. I never was at Fulham Church but once, and that was when I was married, and many people say that was once too often, though my husband was as good a man as ever broke bread—God rest his soul!"

"The Grange" harbours memories of other great men than Richardson, for he had many visitors. A glimpse of these, and of Richardson's vanity as host and writer, occurs in Boswell:

> One day at his [Richardson's] country house at North End, when a large company was assembled at dinner, a gentleman, who was just returned from Paris, willing to please Mr. Richardson, mentioned to him a very flattering circumstance—that he had seen his *Clarissa* lying on the King's brother's table. Richardson, observing that part of the company were engaged in talking to each other, affected then not to attend to it. But by and by, when there was a general silence, and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed himself to the gentleman: "I think, Sir, you were saying something about——", pausing in a high flutter of expectation. The gentleman, provoked at his inordinate vanity, resolved not to indulge it, and with an exquisitely sly air of indifference answered: "A mere trifle, Sir, not worth repeating." The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak ten words more the whole day. Dr. Johnson was present, and appeared to enjoy it much.

With characteristic, and perhaps Quixotic, thoroughness Mr. Fèret gives, as far as he is able, the names of all earlier and late occupiers of The Grange. Among the latter was the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who, like Richardson, had a garden studio. There is still a pleasant lawn, a fine mulberry tree, a dying apple tree of great age, and a fine old thorn on which, Mr. Fèret thinks, Samuel Richardson must often have looked.

In 1755 Richardson removed to Parson's Green, Fulham; but "Richardson's Villa," as it came to be called, has entirely disappeared. The neighbourhood of this villa had already some interesting literary associations, few of which, it may be assumed, were lost on Richardson. Close by was Peterborough House, where Charles, the eccentric Earl of Peterborough, had entertained such *literati* as Addison, Swift, Prior, Pope, Locke, and Bolingbroke. It is on ground such as this that Mr. Fèret's method shows to least advantage. The reader looks for some savour of those old gatherings at Fulham, but finds only *disjecta membra*. Peterborough's restlessness—he was said to have seen more kings, princes, and postillions than any man of his day—is mentioned and illustrated, but the Fulham parties are not realised as we think they might be. Voltaire's visit to Peterborough House in 1727, when Addison was his fellow guest, might surely have been presented in more detail. Swift's "Journal to Stella," too, would have yielded some facts. "I have been supping with Lord Peterborow," Swift writes in November, 1710, "at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Freind. 'Tis the ramblingest, lying rogue on earth." And he has a valuable note on the garden of Peterborough House: "The Secretary and I, and Brigadier Sutton, dined to-day at Parson's Green, at my Lord Peterborow's house, who has left it and his gardens to the secretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit but one fig." For a year (1840-41) Peterborough House was the home of William Beckford, the author of *Vathek*. Later it became a private lunatic asylum, and we are now told that the old house will soon be cleared away. Its grounds, which cover twelve acres, are still finely timbered. Immemorial elms may be seen there, one of them being 150 feet high.

Many other small literary associations of Fulham have been collected by Mr. Fèret. In "Hore's Tenement," Parson's Green, Lord Bacon found refuge in the first weeks after his disgrace. Bacon having been at Fulham, it goes without saying that Shakespeare's occasional presence in the riverside village has been affirmed. It is certain that John Florio, with whom Shakespeare is supposed to have been intimate, lived in a house in Bear-street, Fulham. Shakespeare's fellow player, Henry Condell, had a tenement in Back-lane, Fulham; and of one Robert Burbage there is also trace. But these things prove nothing; and it is hardly worth while to examine the argument by which Thomas Crofton Croker sought to assemble these people and Shakespeare in the Golden Lion. Mr. Fèret is wisely sceptical. Other literary residents of Fulham were John Norden, John Fletcher, Sir Thomas Bodley, and Addison. Addison's frequent visits to Sands End are matter of history, but it is not so certain that he lived, as tradition says, at Sandford Manor House. Writing from "Sandy End" in 1708, to the young Earl of Warwick and Holland, he recounts his efforts to find birds' eggs:

> This morning I have news brought me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neighbours are very much divided in their opinions upon them; some say they are a sky-lark's; others will have them to be a canary bird's; but I am much mistaken in the colour and turn of the eggs, if they are not full of tom-tits. If your lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them; for, if the account they gave me of them be true, they cannot have above two days more to reckon.

The same rural suggestions occur in another letter, "the business of which is to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a blackbird, a thrush, a robin red-breast, and a bull-finch." Mr. Fèret does not forget to quote Thackeray's admirable description of Addison at Fulham, where Esmond meets Mr. Addison walking on the road, "the moon shining on his handsome, stern face."

We are conscious that we have very inadequately displayed the extent and thoroughness of this suburban

survey. But the reader may be assured that there is not a street of any age in Fulham into which Mr. Fèret does not lead him, nor an old house that he does not turn inside out. The information given about the obscure tenants of old houses is nothing less than prodigious. Where those tenants have been celebrities of any dimensions the information is proportionately fuller. Munster House, the home of John Wilson Croker, and afterwards a lunatic asylum; Arundel House, where Henry Hallam lived in 1819; Crabtree House, the home of George Bubb Doddington, and, afterwards, under the name of Brandenburgh House, the retreat of Queen Caroline and the scene of her death; Normand House, with its annals of escaping lunatics; Lonsdale House, on the lawn of which Mr. Gladstone proposed to Miss Glynne—these are a few of the many old Fulham houses described. To Hurlingham, of course, the fullest justice is done; and Fulham Palace, the oldest existing building in the parish, has half a volume to itself. The oldest parts of the Palace date only from the early years of the sixteenth century; but on this spot the Bishops of London have dwelt for fully eight centuries—and one at least, Bonner, is said to haunt his old corridors. Several excellent maps complete the equipment of a work which is a definitely valuable addition to our knowledge of London. More literary books about Fulham have been written, and will be written again; but here is the mine of information from which every future writer on this suburb must take his ore. We may add, too, that to a Fulham reader this work will seem faultless. Him it will rejoice by its fullness, its correspondence with actuality as of a map.

Among the Boers.

With the Boer Forces. By H. C. Hillegas. (Methuen.)

Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed. By C. H. Thomas. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

The war in South Africa has brought out a huge crop of volumes from correspondents and others who followed the armies, but hitherto most, if not all, have been written from an Imperial, and not from a local, standpoint. This book by Mr. Hillegas, who appears to have been a correspondent for an American paper, is warmly Pro-Boer. It is a little difficult to criticise the book, as it is neither literature nor history, but a piece of elaborate special pleading for the Boers, masked now and again. A writer on the Boer side might be expected to underestimate the number of the burghers in the several engagements, but such assertions as that "thirty thousand farmers of no military training were enabled to withstand the opposition of *several hundred thousand* well-trained soldiers for the greater part of a year" defeat their own purpose.

It is a relief to turn to a description of the personal appearance of some of the Boers, which is evidently from life:

> It was quite in keeping with their other ideas of personal comfort for many Boer burghers to carry a coloured parasol or umbrella to protect them from the rays of the sun, and it was not considered beneath their dignity to wear a woman's shawl around their shoulders or head when the morning air was chilly. At first sight of these unique spectacles the stranger in the Boer country felt amused; but if he cared to smile at every unmilitary scene he would have had little time for other things.

Here we have a little touch which brings the unsophisticated back-country Boer to the mind's eye. Another interesting passage is that which describes the discipline of the Boer forces:

> The burgher was bound by no laws except such as he made for himself. There was a State law which compelled him to join a commando, and to accompany it to the front, or in default of that law to pay a small fine. As soon as he was "on commando," as he called it, he became his own master. . . . No general, no Act of Volksraad, could compel him to do any duty if he felt uninclined to perform it, and there was no power on earth which could compel him to move out of his tent if he did not desire to go. In the majority of countries a man may volunteer to join the army, but when once he is a soldier he is compelled to fight; but in the Boer country the man was compelled to join the army, but he was not obliged to fight unless he volunteered to do so.

That this is slightly overdrawn is shown by the fact that later on the writer represents Louis Botha as having knocked a burgher down for refusing to carry ammunition to the top of a kopje under fire when ordered to do so. Another remark, that sheds some light on the manner in which the burghers escape from our troops, is that which points out that their generals were allowed to operate in parts of the country with which they were thoroughly acquainted. For example:

> General Cronje operated along the western frontiers of the republics, where he knew the geographical features of the country as well as he did those of his own farm. General Meyer spent the greater part of his life in the neighbourhood of the Biggarsburg and northern Natal, and there was hardly a rod of that territory with which he was unfamiliar. . . . General Christian de Wet was a native of Dewetsdorp, and there was not a sluit or donga in all the territory where he fought so valiantly that he had not traversed scores of times before the war began.

And so on, and so on. This knowledge of the ground is worth thousands of men to the Boers, and has enabled them to choose and defend strong positions and to escape by mountain paths unknown to our officers. Times without number their intimate knowledge of the ground has enabled them to escape with but little loss, whereas our men, with no knowledge of the country and with inferior maps, had to blunder along, as it were, in the dark.

The question of the foreign mercenary filibuster is one on which Mr. Hillegas should be worth hearing, but there is no doubt that he underestimates their numbers when he puts them down at between eight and nine thousand. Evidently, he has not much opinion of these men, for he says that:

> For a month after the investment of Bloemfontein these legions alone enlivened the situation by their frolicsome reports of attacks on the enemy's outposts. During three weeks the entire British army must have been put to flight scores of times at the very least, if the reports of the foreign legions may be believed, and the British casualty list must have amounted to thrice the number of English soldiers in the country.

We are still without a picture of the Boer as he really is, though occasionally Mr. Hillegas gets pretty near the mark.

"The conspiracy of the nineteenth century unmasked," shouts Mr. Thomas on his title-page; but though he was once an Orange Free State burgher, and the conspirators are alleged to answer to the name of Afrikander Bond, he has not learned the art of unmasking with effect. It is absurd, for instance, to speak of "the mire of academic squabble *re* suzerainty." At that rate, it were "academic" to discuss the question whether one's property were leasehold or freehold, supposing one were confronted by a sudden demand for rent.

However, the Bond is most unacademically pronounced guilty in this rather scrappy volume. It employed

> occult propaganda to seduce a simple people to false convictions, to induce the creation of gigantic armaments, a secret service employing at a vast cost journalism, emissaries, and agencies to gain partisans and allies outside South Africa . . . a system of immigration from Holland towards supplanting the English factor, and to introduce auxiliaries.

The recent existence of an active agency for rallying the dangerously preponderant Dutch element in South Africa against the English is, of course, not to be denied. No doubt the typical Boer attitude is that expressed almost syllogistically as follows: "The English hired the Zulus to massacre our people [!]. They robbed us of Natal, and drove us from the Colonies. There can be no peace with them until we have our own."

Enter Mrs. Kruger, who dreams of her husband as an Afrikander Moses, but not, we may hazard, until he had had strong premonitions of his own concerning the magnificence of his "destiny." "This grand old Boer," Mr. Thomas calls him, and the late-rising literary man cannot refrain from admiring a septuagenarian who was ready to give audience to "rich and poor alike" every morning, Sundays and holidays excepted, from 5.30 A.M. and 6 A.M. in summer and winter respectively. What a characteristic picture that is which we have of him standing up at the dedication of a synagogue to invoke "God's mercy to remove the veil which obscured" from Jewish eyes "their own and also the Gentiles' glorious Immanuel." Money, that blighter of reputations, has by its obscene connexion somewhat impaired our reverence for Mr. Kruger's piety; but we are still very far from sympathising with such travellers as Canon Knox Little and Mr. Stuart Cumberland, who have mistaken vulgar personality of reference for the acumen of the critic.

We may add that Mr. Thomas tells an extraordinary story of a field cornet who in the house of a Uitlander whose hospitality he was accepting observed, by way of censuring his hostess, who was conversing with another guest in our tongue, "that he could not tolerate English being spoken within his hearing." There seems, however, to be a fate beyond the field cornet's control which ordains the steady declension of Dutch as a medium of expression in South Africa.

Other New Books.

THE JEFFERSONIAN CYCLOPÆDIA. EDITED BY J. P. FOLEY.

This is an amazing volume. It professes to be a "manual" of Jeffersonian doctrine, and it weighs nearly six pounds. It is a *précis*, and it fills 1031 pages: it is intended for all classes, and it costs thirty shillings. Yet we must be just: it sums up more than a man; Jefferson was an institution. As third President of the United States he had seen the birth of American independence, and he was the promulgator of its principles and aims. He claimed, indeed, to have been the author of the Declaration of Independence. Under his rule slavery was abolished. He lived the fullest and longest political life that has ever fallen to the lot of an American statesman; and, when he retired from public life to his native Virginia, he remained the imposing figure-head of American life. This is the book of the whole Jefferson. It is an *index rerum* compiled from the speeches, public writings, and private letters of the "Father of Democracy," whose counsels and ideas it codifies on a scale which we have never seen applied to a single modern mind. Here the Democrat and the Republican will find convenient texts on Government, Politics, Law, Education, Commerce, Coinage, Agriculture, Finance, Freedom, and Religion; and here, scattered up and down the pages in their alphabetical places, will be found Jefferson's *obiter dicta* on marriage, art, literature, and the musical glasses. We confess we doubt the wisdom of this inclusion of his views on things in general. They are so dreadfully correct. Under "Fiction, Value of Sound," we have an extract from a letter to one Robert Skipwith, beginning:

> A little attention to the nature of the human mind evinces that the entertainments of fiction are useful as well as pleasant. That they are pleasant when well written every person feels who reads. But wherein is its utility, asks the reverend sage, big with the notion that nothing can be useful but the learned lumber of Greek and Roman reading with which his head is stored? I answer everything is useful which contributes to fix in the principles and practices of virtue.

And so on. The pronouncements are all numbered. Number 5107 is on Marriage, and is a personal statement:

> I have one daughter married to a man of science, sense, virtue, and competence; in whom, indeed, I have nothing more to wish. . . . If the other shall be as fortunate. . . . I shall imagine myself blessed as the most blessed of the patriarchs.

But no prince or peer would have been welcomed by Jefferson to his home at Monticello. Jeffersonianism Number 5111 reads:

> Our young Republic . . . should prevent its citizens from becoming so established in wealth and power as to be thought worthy of alliance by marriage with the nieces, sisters, &c., of kings.

The "nieces, sisters, &c., of kings" is good. America has got over some repugnances since those words were written. We may hope that only the yellowest of newspapers, in its tantrums, would write of England as Jefferson was accustomed to write between 1810 and 1815. "I consider the Government of England is totally without morality, insolent beyond bearing, inflated with vanity and ambition . . . the eternal disturber of the peace of the world." But, with it all, Jefferson saw that England's might was necessary to America; and—well, many things have happened in the interval.

It is curious to see what apt texts abound in this volume for verbal warfare arising out of almost any conceivable political situation. The volume is arranged and printed with admirable clearness, and it appears to fulfil its stated aims with mathematical accuracy and completeness. It contains 9,228 extracts and ten portraits and illustrations. (Funk & Wagnalls Co. 30s.)

GOYA. BY W. ROTHENSTEIN.

The life of Goya, in a peculiar degree, marks the artist. With the smallest general education, the son of mere working folk, he rose, by sheer force of genius, to be a favourite and satirist of courts. Driven from Madrid to Rome by fear of the Inquisition, he worked his way to the latter place as a bull-fighter. Returning to Madrid in 1775 he married a daughter of Bayeu, and became the leader of Spanish art. From that point on he marched through triumph and intrigue, restless always, till we see him a deaf old man at Bordeaux, exiled from his beloved Spain, now sitting for days in solitary silence, now flinging himself furiously into his old work. From such a temperament sprang the brutality, the delicacy, the awful satire, the frankness, of his amazing accomplishment.

Mr. Rothenstein's appreciation of Goya is just and eloquent; he sees his subject, hardly yet understood, as a force in art vitally alive, a master in composition and design. He spared neither himself nor others; from a Court beauty he turned to the nightmare and horror of *los Caprichos* and *los Desastres de la Guerra*. From these series a few characteristic examples are reproduced, together with other plates and three photogravures. (Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE HISTORY OF THE PARISH OF PRESTON. BY HENRY FISHWICK.

Colonel Fishwick is the author of several books on Lancashire, and has already written the history of Rochdale. His treatment of the story of the ancient town on the Ribble which was once the Priest's "ton" or enclosure, and is now Preston, is exhaustive. The general history, municipal history, and ecclesiastical history of the town are treated in detail; and the longest chapter in the book is devoted to "Old Houses and Old Families"—an allot-

ment of space very much in harmony with the sobriquet, "Proud Preston." It is mentioned that at the Herald's visitation of 1664-65, by Sir William Dugdale, no fewer than twenty-two Preston families entered their pedigrees. Among the many families specially noticed are Arkwright of Preston, Blundell of Preston, Chorley of Preston, Farington of Ribbleton, Lemon of Preston, Mort of Preston, Travers of Trilketh, Winckley of Preston, &c., &c. The parish church of Preston, a modern, "handsome" building, occupies the site of a church dedicated to St. Wilfrid in 709. The most interesting monument now in the church is the Bushnell Brass, perpetuating the memory of "Seath Bushell, wollen draper, bayliffe, and a brother of Preston, dying the xv. of Septr., aged 53." Thorough and painstaking as are Col. Fishwick's chapters on the general history of Preston (the Jacobite rebellion of 1715 is, of course, the *pièce de résistance*), it is to the "Miscellany" at the end of the book that the reader must turn for aught of spice or surprise. Here are given curious particulars concerning local pastimes, the cucking stool and pillory, wayside crosses, trade tokens, &c. Col. Fishwick disclaims for Preston the honour of having been the birthplace of Lady Hamilton, who, as he points out, was born at Nesse in Great Neston, in the county of Chester. In modern social history Preston shines as the town in which the word teetotalism was first used, as the first town in which a journal exclusively devoted to the propagation of that principle was published, and as the first town in which a temperance hotel was opened. Preston is the Mecca of the water-drinker. (Stock. £1 16s. 6d.)

PEDIGREE WORK. BY W. P. W. PHILLIMORE.

A concise little handbook by the author of *How to Write the History of a Family*. Mr. Phillimore gives much indispensable information to the budding genealogist, who so often flounders helplessly in the sloughs which beset the borders of his subject. The sections dealing with various prime sources of inquiry are clear and full, and most useful lists are given of the Herald's Visitations and Regnal Years. Above all things, Mr. Phillimore says in effect, be punctiliously accurate. That is the first and last word for the pedigree-hunter to have in mind. (Phillimore & Co. 1s. net.)

Fiction.

The Crimson Weed. By Christopher St. John. (Duckworth & Co. 6s.)

MR. ST. JOHN, whose name is new to us, has written a grave and dignified novel. A little more freshness, a little more vigour of presentment, and it would have been arresting. As it stands, *The Crimson Weed*, while it just fails to be memorable, does in fact reach an equable distinction, and perhaps heralds something of imperative force from the same hand in the future. What this drama of a futile revenge lacks more than anything else is the inventive quality. When success depends on invention, the author fails. He begins with that commonplace of English fiction—the Anglo-Italian love-story: old chateau, tangled garden, strange servants, decay—all the "properties" which the young-lady-novelist who has enlarged her mind by a tour in Italy uses up in her first novel. We do not say that Mr. St. John ought not to have built his edifice upon the loves of Gilbert Otway, artist, and Maria Carducci, daughter of princes, in the antique chateau of Fontegioia; but that he did so is a sign of his tendency towards the trite. When the son of that irregular and fatal union discovers his father in a President of the Royal Academy, and his mother in an opera singer who is making a sensational *début* as Isolde at Covent Garden, we think that Mr. St. John has worked out his tendency to the full.

The author confounds the theatric with the impressive or rather, his imagination, when it is most active, is partially stultified by the outworn materials on which it chooses to work. All the big scenes between Luke Grey and his mother, and between Luke Grey and his father, have this imperfection of a stagey basis, which robs them of a fairly-earned conviction:

> "Forgive me," he said again, dragging himself nearer her on his knees. "I could not wait to warn you. I am . . . I am Luca." He laid his head upon her breast as he whispered his name, and now he felt her fingers rest half timidly on his hair. She did not speak, and soon he realised that she was crying. In the silence he heard the tears drop thick and fast upon his head. He moved his position slightly and kissed her neck. Again he kissed it, and then her breast, which seemed to cover all the sorrow of the world. And still she wept. At the moment she had cried, "Ah, who is it?" she had identified him with the fruit of her love and anguish; when her voice said, "Who has come in here?" her eyes held no question. . . . And still she wept. He thought of the bright and burning Isolde he had seen just now in the garden, the Isolde in whose enchanted senses the sounds of the chase had been magically transformed into the voices of love, the huntsman's horn into the sob of the wind, the baying of the hounds into the rustle of leaves, the Isolde whose passion seemed to strain against the enclosing sides of the frail case of humanity until it was near cracking, and opening for the confined spirit the vasty road to death. This was not that Isolde! These horrible silent tears! His excited brain imagined that with each one a drop of her life fell upon his hair.

This is undeniably strong, but it is a mere well-doing of that which has been well done once or twice before, and passably done a thousand times before. In the scenes with Gilbert Otway, Mr. St. John permits himself to introduce revolvers and strangulation in a manner irritatingly trite; Luke Grey even thinks that he has killed his father. Nevertheless, we do not wish to push our point too far. If the story is not original, still originality may come to the author. Beauty is frequently achieved in it—a beauty akin to the strange orchidaceous effects of Gabriele D'Annunzio, for whom Mr. St. John evidently has a deep admiration.

The Whistling Maid. By Ernest Rhys. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

FROM the author of *The Fiddler of Carne* we expect humour, atmosphere, and more than a hint of the fantastic. These things are here; *The Whistling Maid* is a good book, in some respects even a beautiful book. The Whistling Maid herself, Luned, daughter of Rhosser of Rhôs (the period of the story is that of the second Edward), is a simple, fragrant, wholly girlish creature, whose adventures we follow with no lapse of interest from the May morning when she sets out, disguised as a page by the old witch Malen, to bring aid to the beleaguered castle of Rhôs, on to that happy night of the Plygain when Rhôs is finally saved. It is a story of rapid action, bustling, eager, full of the flash of steel in a land seething with Welsh and Norman faction. Luned sees blood, feels a dagger prick, and comes into the sinister shadow of the black Howel Farf, her father's kinsman, who desires her to mate with his foster-son, Jestyn. It is Howel who lays seige to Rhôs, and it is he into whose hands she falls for banishment to the island house of Dinas Moryn. She arrives there with Dr. Iago and the witch Malen to find the host, Morgan, dead, and the house empty. They drink the last of a fateful keg of wine, setting a full cup in the dead man's place. Says Malen:

> . . . "I think Morgan Ola's gone down to his own—his own folk—his other house."

"What other house?" asked Luned, anxious to humour her as far as possible, and afraid to be left alone, even by such a companion.

"There's a city—wide streets, shops fine as Chepe's, and many a plâs and many a tavern—under the sea. That's why they call it Dinas Moryn. And this place—wait till I take ye down the cellar stairs. Morgan told the ould fishermen of Abereli he had a house down there. He said he would go there; and now the wine is out . . . you understand. . . . 'When that's done I'm done too.' Morgan's gone down to his own. . . . But I'll take the wine to his grave." . . .

Mr. Rhys has an unmistakable power of weird suggestion, an eye for setting and landscape seldom at fault, a true sense of the beauty of words: his book, too, is excellently constructed, and has not a slovenly sentence in it. But its characterisation just falls short of the real by reason of its insistence on poetical accidents rather than on commonplace essentials. But we like the Maid of Rhôs and her horse Gringolet and the magic silver whistle of St. Brieux that sounds so sweetly in these pages.

The Banker and the Bear. By Henry Kitchell Webster. (The Macmillan Company. 6s.)

This "story of a corner in lard" is of American orgin, and would seem to have been suggested by Harold Frederic's *The Market Place*. It is, quite simply and unaffectedly, the history of a "corner," with the description of a run on a bank for chief episode, and a limited amount of very mild love-making by way of sauce. Mr. Webster's method is not of the kind to arouse criticism. Neither good nor bad, it is of the "hypnotising" variety. You may read and you may read, and if now and then it occurs to you that you are not grasping the facts, no matter! You become hypnotised by the even and passionless narration; you are insensibly drawn from one sentence to the next, and from the left-hand page to the right; you turn over in a dream, and begin a new chapter with the comfortable certitude that no fell shock awaits you:

"If something should scare the depository into making a run on the bank—you see only about half its business is commercial business; the rest is savings. The big depositors wouldn't scare. They're stockholders mostly, and they know the old bank's as solid as a fort. But if the little fellows who've got their savings in there once get the idea that it's shaky, they'll come, every man, woman, and child of 'em, and get their money out inside of twenty-four hours. He'd have to shut up for a while if they did that. They won't scare, though," he said, rising; "and I don't know that I'd want them to. I hope the directors'll do the trick; but if they can't, we'll find some other way."

He walked over to the telephone and called up Jervis Curtin.

"You saw this morning's *Herald*, I suppose?" he said. "Yes—I'm coming over to see you this afternoon. I had a small dispute with Mr. Bagsbury the other day, and I've sold out my stock. I think we'd better come to an understanding, for his benefit, as to what our relations have been——. All right—I'll be over in about an hour."

It is nearly all like that. After about half an hour you have fallen into a habit of reading *The Banker and the Bear*, and only the arrival of the last page will cure you of that habit. Here and there the tale verges on the perfunctory—as in the passages about old Bagsbury's will; and here and there a sort of excitement is reached—as at the climax of the run on the bank; the use made of a "time lock" in the culminating scene constitutes something new in sensational literature; but, on the whole, the story keeps an unswerving course, like a Flemish canal; you could see the end from the beginning, did not mere distance intervene.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

THE SOFT SIDE. BY HENRY JAMES.

A volume of short stories from Mr. Henry James. Such titles as "The Great Good Place," "The Given Case," "The Third Person," "The Real Right Thing," catch the eye in the table of Contents; and from the page, as you open the volume at hazard, shoots telegraphically such a message as: "Do hope you sweetly won't mind, to-day, 1.30, my bringing poor, dear Lady Mullet, who is so awfully bent." And again, here, in a word, is an unknown who looks "like somebody's flattering idea of somebody's own person as expressed in the great room provided at the Uffizi Museum for Portraits of Artists by Themselves." (Methuen. 6s.)

SONS OF THE MORNING. BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

This is such a full-blooded story of the West Country as was to be expected from the author of *The Children of the Mist*. A single illustration—a capital photographic view of Scor Hill Circle and Watern Tor—quietly gives the reader his first sense of the background and atmosphere of the story. From this we turn by chance to page 457: "Far below them, in fulvous light of a wild sunset, the circle of Scor Hill appeared. Concerning the memories its granite girded, Christopher knew little; but, at sight of Watern's crest, now dark against the flaming sky, he remembered that there lay the scene of Stapledon's end, and regretted that he had come within sight of it that night. To him the distant mountain was a theatre of tragedy; to Honor, an altar of sacrifice." The hero and heroine are each the last of a line; the final fruit of an ancient stock. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE CONQUEST OF LONDON. BY DOROTHEA GERARD.

"If, instead of living on the interest of our four thousand pounds, we were boldly to attack the capital, we would not need to remain at Gilham. . . . Even in London I don't see how we could possibly spend more than a thousand a year, which means that we would have four years of constant enjoyment before us. . . . And if only one of us marries decently, then it is all right, for, of course, she will look after the others." Thus the four heroine-sisters, daughters of a struggling artist and nieces of a millionaire. The plot has obvious attractions, and the author of *A Forgotten Sin* has made the most of them in this light-hearted story. (Methuen. 6s.)

A PRINCESS OF VASCOVY. BY JOHN OXENHAM.

A well-written, warming romance, crammed with adventure and the open-air life. The heroine passes from school, where she has learned to row, swim, paddle, fence, and walk twenty-five miles, to a camp on the Amazon, where, under her father's tuition, she learns to shoot and finds hardship "heavenly." Fights with natives in the loneliest waters of the Amazon and flight through the dim forest are, as it were, only the tuning up of a long orchestra of incident. Later we have the continental pseudo-monarchy. (Bousfield. 6s.)

PATH AND GOAL. BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

This is the type of the novel which cannot be easily "tasted." The title might be given to almost any story. There is no table of contents, and the chapters have no titles. Every page is headed "Path and Goal," but the path and the goal are not for merely prying eyes. Rather than misrepresent the story we will quote its motto from Clough: "Was it ordered that twice two should make four simply for the intent that boys and girls should be cut to the heart that they do not make five? Be content; when the Veil is raised perhaps they will make five; who knows?" (Methuen. 6s.)

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The Dread of Being Dull.

THE constant effort to amuse, varied by the endeavour to astonish, is working considerable havoc even in that department of literature supposed to be sacred to amusement, and is assuredly defeating its own end. The vast majority of present-day novels do not amuse. If they are novels of adventure, they provide a species of excitement which is soon worked out. Broadly speaking, as there is a limit to the number of possible mathematical riders, there is a limit, generally a very narrow one, to the possible developments of a plot. Material can only be manipulated in certain ways, and one can scarcely hope to surprise the reader long accustomed to guess, at earlier and earlier stages of successive stories, who is going to fall in love and out of it, who is at the bottom of the villainous machination, and who is going to play the virtuous detective. We spot these things as the examinee, by a vicious habit, spots possible questions on the most innocent page of history. Great masters of narrative, indeed, have felt adventure insufficient to maintain interest. Defoe called in the aid of a background totally foreign to the reader's experience. Scott used that of character.

But the modern reader doubts the virtue of "character." Some books have it writ large on every page, as some books used to have "problem." They differ in the working out. Sometimes the *dramatis personæ* achieve eccentricity, if not personality, and the book is composed of their remarks. If, by the by, the importance of construction were better understood, no author would attempt to make a novel out of remarks, any more than he would crowd all his *verve* into his first three chapters. His characters would do and say what arose out of the situation, and not what appeared to him to illustrate their peculiarities. He would regard them as real people with an independent existence—not diagrams in illustration of a lecture; and he would impart to the reader a vital interest in them, not a languid curiosity as to what they were meant for. He would have a plot, too, perhaps a simple one, but still intelligible. He would make the situations arise naturally from the plot, and the emotions from the situations. He would not leave the simple reader inquiring within himself what it is all about. And—this has nothing to do with construction—only with respect for good work—he would read his proofs.

Why do authors commit these familiar sins? Probably because their temptations are great—if they live by writing they are perhaps insuperable. If they wish for an immediate hearing they must write what the great mass of readers can read, not only with pleasure, but—a far more deadening restriction—without effort. It may, indeed, be said that those who wish to provide anything higher than amusement have always been forced to cater for the few, while the gentleman who caters for the many simply discharges what was the bear leader's function in former days, and has no place in literature at all. Of course, a public exists for good work, and is perhaps larger than ever it was. But a public also exists now for second-rate literary work, and for it is produced an immense mass of fiction, which threatens often to smother the good, simply because of the stupendous nature of the task of sifting.

The modern writer also writes in a hurry, because he must catch the attention of the public at the right moment—not to speak of other reasons. This may be the cause of his inattention to proofs. But the blighting influence which above all others destroys his deeper purposes, his freedom, his love of his work—that lingering affection without which one doubts whether great imaginative work can be built up at all—is his deadly fear of being "dull."

No one can write worthily on a great subject—and human nature is a great subject—without making some demand on the patience of the reader. To elucidate any subtle point, the author must explain himself—and explanations are useless unless followed with care. To present his conception of the characters he must now and then digress, and so interrupt the action of the story. Above all, to exhaust his subject, he must write much that will not be appreciated at the first reading. If he permits himself, in justice to his theme, to insert what is not of vivid and immediate interest, the reader is wearied instantly; and every stall is crowded with books whose very covers seem to shout, "Amusement without effort." The taskmaster Demos is inexorable. An introductory page about the hero will be the death of the story. Nobody wants to know who brought him up, where he came from, or how he got there—not even though the knowledge should be absolutely necessary to make his future actions convincing. On the first page he must be either funny or desperate, lest he and the book should die. Now, character, if depicted with any justice, is not appreciated at the first reading, because it must be worked up with many delicate touches. Broad outlines, seized at once by the eye, only indicate a type; and even then, if the type is not at once recognised, it needs explanation before it can attract. Besides, are our most valued acquaintances those who startled us into wishing to know them? Are they those whose friendship we have taken no trouble to acquire, whose antecedents we do not want to hear, and whom we throw aside the moment we find them in a mood which is neither tragic nor amusing? Are Colonel Newcome, Dr. Primrose, Lucy Snowe, Maggie Tulliver, of this kind?

A book published not very long ago laid a strong hold upon its readers. It was marked by extraordinary power and depth. It almost left the impression of a great book. But its construction had been dominated and crushed by this haunting dread of being dull. It opened—presumably in order to arrest attention—with a scene startling and dramatic enough to have satisfied the reader of old days at that point—about one-third through a novel—where his interest was so far worked up that it was time for the plot to thicken. Explanations must come in somewhere, especially in a philosophic novel; and accordingly we were dropped from intense excitement into retrospect, which in this order palled upon us. But it is not now permitted to begin gently and work up the slope. You must begin at the top and go rapidly, even if you end in stagnant water at the bottom. Again, the author, endeavouring to live up to the demand for feverish excitement, was unable to make straws show the way of the wind. Somebody has observed that Becky Sharp needed to commit no crime in order to reveal herself. We know what she is without that. But the characters now under consideration are elucidated by a number of strong — it might rather be said violent — scenes, written with extraordinary power, no doubt, and each in itself deserving of high praise—but failing to impress in proportion to their strength, because they dwarf each other, and suffer from want of background. The same with the characters themselves. Hardly any of them fail to interest, and to interest intensely in their way, but—*hinc illæ lacrymæ*. There should be a large proportion of characters in a book which interest mildly,

pleasantly, soothingly; and among them the few on which the mind is fixed should stand out, grouped in due subordination to a central idea. Here, for fear any should be reckoned dull, there are something like half-a-dozen personages, all of whom grip the reader as strongly as a hero or heroine need do. They are not overdone. One is left wishing to be told more, not less, about nearly all of them. But they distract interest from one another; they have no connexion or suitability for each other, except the fact that they are found between the same covers; and the result is that want of unity in design which must ensue when the author is not content to allow any of his characters to stand behind.

"I like to have room in a book," said a friend of the present writer; but Demos, the unreasonable, wants crises packed in a book like herrings in a barrel. Fielding allowed himself "room" for disquisitions on life whose style places them among the jewels of the English language. They do not assist the excitement, and probably contemporary Demos did not like them, but posterity does. Why do all for Demos? why not something for posterity? Fielding and his contemporaries give us time to live with their heroes and heroines under normal conditions—we get to know them—they are not incessantly urging our jaded emotions to tears and laughter. So with Thackerary, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot—but which of them would obtain the coveted meed of praise—the statement that "you cannot put down the book till you have finished it," from a review in which Demos puts his trust? The books you cannot put down are so often the books you cannot take up again—but Demos goes his way in blissful ignorance of that.

Still, in every age, real greatness will turn to sound and natural methods. Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy do not allow Demos to regulate their style, their plots, their times and seasons, their choice of a motive. And if we are not compelled to devour each of their books whole at a sitting, at any rate we are not satisfied without a second perusal. Mr. Gissing, too—whether or not he can be called strong enough to bend the bow—is above constructing a bad imitation of the weapon which anybody can bend, and which has no effect beyond a feeble twanging of the string. The public is in the debt of an author who gives it subtle philosophy of conception.

An author's defects are easily traced to his aims. Unless he has a good deal of the superhuman about him, he must endeavour to arrest attention, to whip up jaded interest by strong stimulants, to startle the mind at every turn—in short, never to allow the reader to put the book down lest, his attention once distracted, he should never take it up again. Is it of any use to say that it is the true artist's business to have a good deal of the superhuman about him—to lead his public, not to follow it—to brave the damning accusation of dulness at first, and to wait till the world values his treasure, rather than to throw away his treasure to run after the world, offering it a *réchauffée* of what he believes to be admired and understood? Perhaps not; but if not, art is in a bad way.

A Guide to Grub Street.

When Defoe wrote his *Complete English Tradesman* he expounded business with hard literary ability. A more probable fruit of to-day would be a "Complete English Writer," expounding literature with hard business ability. Such a work is foreshadowed, if not realised, in a book of 150 pages just issued by Mr. Grant Richards under the title, *How to Write for the Magazines*. To the writer, who veils his identity under the chaste pseudonym, "£600 a Year from It," literature has one meaning—to please the public; and one end—to enrich the writer. And his "Magazines" are the big bright miscellanies of these insatiate days—the sons of *Tit-Bits* and Anak. The language used and the sentiments expressed are the language and sentiments of the market. How to make literature "a thoroughly paying, remunerative affair" has been the personal aim of "£600 a Year from It"; and he now offers his experience and counsel to "that large section of the literary public who would like to 'write something' for the magazines and weeklies." The brutal common sense of the book would be a tonic if it were less strong. As it is, it makes for vertigo and emigration.

"£600 a Year from It" is never more delightful than in his distant references to "style." He always quotes the word, doubtless to suggest the remoteness and unreality of this subject. "Having got the material together, take great pains with your 'style,' and don't drop too much into slang expressions and methods." But this gagging of the old Adam is not quite all. We are also told: "You should have had a good education to be able to write . . . *stylishly* at all . . . and this same education should have made you familiar with all the best 'styles,' so called, in our own literature or among foreign authors." It appears that the ability to write stylishly may itself need repression. For there follows this great and governing dictum:

> The style most in vogue to-day, especially in the papers and magazines with the largest circulation, both in this kingdom and in America, is what is known as the "popular" style.

And the popular style, even "£600 a Year from It" admits, is not exactly a daisy. It excludes "the Art point of view," and the educated author feels he is being "dragged down." "But when he looks at the ledger side of the account on the 31st of December each year [of course he *does* look at his accounts on the 31st of December each year] and sees the hundreds—sometimes thousands!—of pounds standing to his credit from it, he becomes reconciled to it, and even looks pleased." Still, even allowing for the great compromise which "£600 a Year from It" recommends and practises, we should have thought that some rags of style might still be fluttered on the breeze of popular taste. The expressions "faculty *for* seeing," "the capability *for* authorship," "a difficult habit *for* you to acquire," "clearly grasped," "potent reasons," "the author has got good ideas," "one single line," "in a subsequent chapter," &c., &c., are surely needless concessions to the "popular" style. The section on "The Chief Weeklies" begins with the luminous and elegant sentence:

> There is no denying, by any impartial and dispassionate observer and reader, that *Pearson's Weekly*, though nothing extra in this line, is the most thoughtful and probably the most literary of the chief weeklies of this class.

A too generous sacrifice of "style" seems to be made in this remark:

> To the author of articles, absolute accuracy, so far as can ever be managed, is almost perfectly essential.

And are not "the best 'styles' so called" too violently superseded in the sentence:

> There has been during the past few years a regular "craze" among the papers and magazines (especially the illustrated ones) and weeklies for "interviews" with persons more or less—generally the latter—celebrated.

To do him justice, "£600 a Year from It" leaves his readers in no doubt as to what the "popular" style is It is "freshness." "Do be fresh; do be novel in some way or other; do make your work striking." So shall you make a name that of itself will bring the "non-regular reader" of a magazine into the fold. "*That* is what is wanted by editors to-day. Your articles must be chatty, smart, crisp, anecdotal. It is not a *sine qua non* that they be instructive—indeed, few are so; but it is a *sine qua non* that they contain anecdotes, interesting examples, illustrations of some sort; striking matter strikingly put; facts glaringly set out; all served in a

brisk, readable style, that draws the reader along to peruse the article almost in spite of himself." We will say this for "£600 a Year from It," he knows his business. We are abashed by the strength of his positions and the ease of his unconcerns. And to hear him expound first principles as dodges, and enunciate the verities of literature as crackers of shrewdness is splendid. His words are charged with terror for serious writers. "Old, worn-out topics that were debated in the days of our grandmothers, subjects that are academical or very ancient, dreary uninteresting studies to the mass of mankind; such subjects as these will stand little chance of bringing you money in, whatever fame they may bring you, and that is very doubtful also." And as for the great magazines—the *Cornhill*, *Longman's*, *Macmillan's*, and the rest—ah, well—to write for them "may be the acme of some sort of success, that I don't know; but I do know from experience that it is not the acme of financial success as an author." We comfort ourselves with the thought that "£600 a Year from It" does *not* know what sort of success may be obtained by writers of "high class" work. Indeed, his upward vision seems rather limited. In one place we find him instituting a scale of achievement in these words: "You may begin at Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, and go downwards to lesser lights, stage by stage. . . ."

Between the abysm of "stuff" and the empyrean of "style" our guide wings his assured flight. Below him, literature is anything, above it is culture; but here it is "a thoroughly paying remunerative affair." This book is the certificate of that truth.

Things Seen.

Das Bier.

As I came down from the mountains, a peasant, with a chamois swinging at his back, overtook me. He sang as he walked. His brown bare knees glimmered beneath his beribboned leather knickerbockers. Together we entered the inn. There, in the low panelled room, with stags' antlers curling jauntily from the walls, and stuffed birds with bright red crests hanging from the ceiling, a score or so of jolly Bavarians were taking their evening meal. Before each was a great metal-covered mug of beer. As I seated myself, a family party, having finished their supper, suddenly broke out into a part-song. It may have been a grace, I know not, but nobody showed surprise. They just went on drinking, eating, laughing, and talking. Presently my neighbour—his braces were flowered and a great silver chain, with hanging medals, dangled from his waist—beamed at me, and unloosed a flood of words. To which I replied: "Ich spreche Deutsch nicht geläufig." Whereupon he laughed aloud, and chuckled "Nicht geläufig" to himself several times. Merrily went the evening with talk and song, and innumerable mugs of beer. The landlord, a giant with a face bronzed by half a century of wind and weather, having gone round the tables, and muttered a genial "Haben Sie gute speizen," seated himself and played a duet on the zither with the waitress, while the unreplenished mugs of beer waited by her side. When the music was finished she bustled to her feet, and was again filling mugs, and yet more mugs. Then a couple danced, the girl's red dress whirling balloon-like around her, and the man smacking his leather knickerbockers and dancing in his nailed boots as lightly as a columbine. Followed more songs and more beer till the bells chimed eleven. I went to the doorway. The Pole star hung high over the mountains, and the tinkle of the zither pricked on the keen air. The man with the chamois was starting forth when a burst of laughter hushed the music. "They are a merry folk, these Bavarians," said I. "Ja!" he answered, giving the chamois a jog, "das Bier macht optimistisch."

The Stockings.

The whole hamlet was the most casual looking place in the world; it seemed to have developed on that spot spontaneously. All about it stretched a heath, on two sides merging into fir-woods. I lay on the edge of the green at the point where the heather began: the purple acres stretched away and away under a sun that made them royally lavish of colour. Here and there were clumps of gorse—still, yellow patches which did not stir in the faint breeze that set the heather a-tremble. Not a soul was in sight; even the village inn, the "Forest King," might have been a closed church for the quietness of it. One might have supposed the place to be deserted and the houses empty save for one thing: on the green two long lines of clothes were hanging out to dry.

That conspicuous washing fascinated me. I found myself conjecturing whether it would be possible to carry away the entire *lingerie* of the village without detection. I felt almost inclined to adventure the experiment. I was playing lazily with the thought when I saw a dog, a brindled lurcher, slip quietly across the green towards the lines. He examined the washing with ardent curiosity, and then, to my utter amazement, seized a pair of black stockings, jerked them from the pegs, and started off across the heath, trailing his spoil. The thing was so unutterably comic that I grovelled in helpless laughter. Still no one came. I realised, all at once, that my position was somewhat invidious. If the owner of the stockings should appear I could not seriously explain that I had seen them appropriated by a dog. Accordingly I rose and walked away with stealthy unconcern. If I had been observed at that moment the manner of my departure would have stamped me a thief and a robber.

Correspondence.

Nietzsche.

Sir,—In the appreciation of Nietzsche's work contained in your issue of September 1, the critic, I notice, adopts the usual view as to the meaning of Nietzsche's writings. It is because I am puzzled with the apparent universal agreement in this view, and am utterly unable to reconcile it with my own reading, that I write.

Now I am not a student of Nietzsche, but I remember well how I took up *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, when thoroughly imbued with the current idea of his teaching, and expecting to meet with a definitely advanced theory of the beauty of being the stronger, the necessity for the extirpation of the weak, &c. In place of this I found a mysticism, high, pure, and wild, and in substance, if not in form, essentially poetic; along with this, strings of curiously grotesque and childish curses and denunciations, mostly, it must be said, of things mean, petty, and unworthy. But there was nothing hard or cruel in all this. The famous *Beyond Man* appeared as a yearning, an imaginative figuring of the possibility of strife with the greater evil of the greater universe. Nothing could give a falser impression of it all than the laying out of a skeleton of dogmas, such as, I believe in the "Beyond Man," in the "Transmutation of Values Without End," and the rest. Such a catalogue bears much the same relation to Nietzsche's really powerful and attractive doctrine, as the Athanasian Creed to the spirit of the Gospels. An individualist teaching, if you like, as the teaching of the Stoics and of Buddha was individualist. But no person capable either of writing or appreciating, say, the chapter "Before Sunrise" in the above work, however self-absorbed and lacking in the sense of tears in things he might be, would be capable of that cruel appreciation of, and deliberate acquiescence in, the need of others' sufferings for one's own comfort, which is the secret doctrine of

the day. And it is this doctrine that is commonly attributed to Nietzsche.

It is to be wished that critics would do more to make known the many lofty and noble meditations of this poetic genius, rather than confine themselves to adapting his denunciations and misunderstood figures of speech into a pseudo-scientific framework of dogma.

May I conclude with the Clock Prayer from *Zarathustra* of which the author's twelve has now struck. "The house of Brahman is always open, O Nachiketas!"

(I have used the words of the English published translation.)

One! O man! Lose not sight
Two! What saith the deep midnight?
Three! I lay in sleep, in sleep;
Four! From deep dream I woke to light.
Five! The world is deep,
Six! And deeper than ever day thought it might.
Seven! Deep is its woe—
Eight! And deeper still than woe—delight.
Nine! Saith woe: Pass, go!
Ten! Eternity's sought by all delight—
Eleven! Eternity deep—by all delight!
Twelve!

—I am, &c. FRANK W. HACQUOIL.

[There is no doubt, we think, that the "usual view" is correct. It is nevertheless true that the physiological tyranny of Nietzsche's teaching does not exactly leap from his pages. It is there, however, in blood tracks. Has Mr. F. W. H. read *The Antichrist*? Let him read sections 3 and 4 of Nietzsche's essay, "The 'Improvers' of Mankind."]

The Jargon of Criticism.

SIR,—In your last few numbers you have been drawing attention to the worthlessness of literary reviews, and your correspondent of last week certainly touches the spot when he attributes their largesse of praise to the writers' having made so imperfect an examination of the books. An amusing illustration of this occurred not so long ago. The editor of a certain very respectable paper was in the habit of selecting each week from the books sent in some three or four nicely-bound novels which might do to give away to various lady friends, or if there were anything especial in the way of an art production or book of travel at 30s. net, with costly illustrations, he generally netted it for himself. These he proceeded to review during a certain three hours of leisure which occurred to him in his office once a week. From the editor's point of view all went merrily. He cemented many bonds of friendship and built up an excellent library. Authors were flattered, publishers pleased. One morning, however, as I turned over a spring catalogue I was struck by seeing the paper quoted in praise of an utterly worthless book that had come out two seasons before in an attractive cover. I distinctly remembered reviewing the book myself, and that I had not said one word of what was quoted. I got on to a 'bus and went down to the office in a fume. The editor said the firm of publishers in question was noted for that sort of thing, but that the present case was disgraceful. "Disgraceful!" I stormed. "Why, it's nothing more or less than a piece of the grossest Yankee swindling. Here have I gone and prescribed the nonsense for children's hospitals, and they have the audacity to paraphrase that into 'Mrs. Beesely Screed is in her choicest vein, and the book will be read with avidity.' I call it monstrous."

The editor was persuaded. He sat down at once and fired off a strongly-worded letter to the publishers of Mrs. Beesely Screed, dwelling upon their past sins, and pointing out that his paper would suffer seriously in the eyes of its intelligent public by having its name affixed to such an absurd and erroneous specimen of literary criticism. Then we went out for a moment together, and I returned home calmer.

The editor was a man of much worldly wisdom, so on our next meeting he anticipated my inquiries. "Wouldn't it be just as well for you," he said, "to *read* the paper as regularly as you can? I can't remember everything, and you've gone and got me into a nice little mess. It appears that Mrs. Screed's book was reviewed twice. Through some mistake or other it was sent to you after it had been done in the office."

I knew well enough what "done in the office" meant, but thought it politic to keep silence. The man had forgotten his own review.—I am, &c.,

ARTHUR MAQUARIE.

SIR,—Allusion has been made in several letters on this subject to unknown, unqualified, and unpaid critics, who pass hasty judgments on books, couched in the jargon so clearly explained in your interesting article. These reiterated commonplaces of praise or blame, *ad nauseam*, are of no possible service either to the author or to the reader. They are nugatory and useless—merely a *vox et præteria nihil*. If a book is not worth reviewing and criticising with knowledge, care, and diligence, it is better to ignore it and merely to depend on the tender suffrages of the fickle public. Hasty criticism is ill-considered; swift opinions are rash; the mature judgment alone sifts, weighs, compares, condemns, or appreciates.

A review ought to be literature and not the drivel of the paid hack or idle amateur. True critics are not those who have failed in literature and art; on the contrary, they are men whose minds have compassed the significance and meaning of books which have outlived fashion, change, and time. Their intellects, saturated with what has compelled admiration and allegiance for all time, are tempered with the skill and judgment necessary to form just and correct opinions of the books of the present day. Let us, then, elevate the real critic to his high vantage ground, and say with Pope:

> They both from Heaven must derive their light,
> Those born to judge as well as those who write.

—I am, &c., ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

A New Part of Speech.

SIR,—Although adverbs are described as words qualifying verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs, yet one of the most frequent mistakes in grammar consists in adding the wrong adverb to the verb. Thus we say, and incorrectly say: "He was very pleased"; whereas we ought to say: "He was greatly pleased." "Greatly" and "very" do not differ in meaning, although they differ inconveniently as to the manner in which they are to be used in correct speech. The difference being purely grammatical, the adverbs which must not have to do with verbs might, till a more elegant grammatical expression be invented, be termed "adadjectives" or "addajects."—I am, &c.,

CHARLES G. STUART-MENTEATH.

London, W.C.

A Parallel.

SIR,—The concluding paragraph of "The Bookworm's" in the current issue of the ACADEMY regarding the lady who preserved a flounce that was torn by a royal duke reminds me of an exhibit at the Burns Exhibition held in Glasgow a few years ago. It was labelled "Nightdress said to have been worn by the wife of Souter Johnnie." Notice the beautiful connecting links. Robert Burns—his poems—Souter Johnnie—wife of ditto—nightdress of wife of ditto; and then "said to"! The exhibitor must have been a humorist, more so than those who got up the exhibition. There is nothing snobbish or toadying, of course, in the Burns enthusiast but the Lerwick lady—"*lady*," hum! ha!—I am, &c., H. E. WILSON.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 50 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best rendering into English verse of the following lines by Victor Hugo:

Écoutez!—Comme un nid qui murmure invisible,
Un bruit confus s'approche, et des rires, des voix,
Des pas, sortent du fond vertigineux des bois.
Et voici qu'à travers la grande forêt brune
Qu'emplit la rêverie immense de la lune,
On entend frissonner et vibrer mollement,
Communiquant au bois son doux frémissement,
La guitare des monts d'Inspruck, reconnaissable
Au grelot de son manche où sonne un grain de sable;
Il s'y mêle la voix d'un homme, et ce frisson
Prend un sens et devient une vague chanson.

. . . . . .

La mélodie encor quelques instants se traîne
Sous les arbres bleuis par la lune sereine,
Puis tremble, puis expire, et la voix qui chantait
S'éteint comme un oiseau se pose; tout se tait.

Many of the renderings received miss the atmosphere and cadence of the lines, while not a few competitors have gone completely wrong over the eighth and ninth lines. We award the prize to Mr. Walter Gill, Claremont, Prenton, Birkenhead, for the following:

Hark! Like the murmur of leaf-hidden broods,
A mingled noise of voices, footsteps, mirth,
Out of the woodland's dizzy deeps takes birth.
And, lo! across the dark immensity
Of forest filled with the moon's reverie
Is heard a muffled throb, a vibrant sound,
Thrilling with sweetness all the woodland round—
The guitar of the hills of Inspruck, known
By its small bell, tongued with a tiny stone.
A man's voice joins the hum, which, waxing strong,
Takes meaning and becomes a dreamy song.

. . . . . .

A little longer yet lingers the tune
Beneath the trees blue-washed by the calm moon,
Then trembles—then expires; the song which rushed
Stops, like a bird alighting; all is hushed.

Other translations are as follows:

Hark! Like the twitter in an unseen nest,
Now comes a sound confused; and laughter here,
There voices, footsteps, by degrees draw near
From the wood's dizzy depths. O'er forest shades
That dreamy moonlight far and wide pervades,
Just then you hear the tremor, soft vibration—
The woodlands echo with sweet undulation—
Of Inspruck's own guitar, which one can tell,
For on its neck tinkles the tiny bell;
A man's voice with it blends, and so ere long
This tremor, more defined, becomes vague song.

. . . . . .

Some moments yet the distant music streams
Beneath the trees blue where the calm moon beams,
Then trembles, dies away, the voice's trill
Sinks like a pitching bird; and all is still.
[C. O. O., London.]

Hearken! as murmurs from a nest unseen
There comes a sound confused from out the woods,
From depths bewildering of their solitudes;
Laughter and voice and step; the forest brown
That fills a dream land by the moon cast down,
Feels a faint shiver through its spaces flow
To which the woods vibrate with trembling low.
Guitar from Inspruck's hills, by tinkling bell
Striking its grain of sand, thy strains we tell;
A man's voice mingles, and the quivering sigh
Takes form, a floating, far-off melody.

. . . . . .

Softly it lingers beneath trees that shine
With pearl-grey lustre from yon moon divine,
Then, trembling, dies—the singing voice is still
As bird alighting; silent and all chill.
[L. S., London.]

Hark! Like an unseen nest with murmurous hum
A sound confused draws near; and laughter, cries,
And footsteps 'scape the wooded boundaries.
Note how across the forest's brown expanse,
Filled with the moonlight's dreamy radiance,
One hears the Inspruck minstrel's sweet guitar
Trembling with soft vibration from afar,
And with its murmur wakening all the wood:
One notes the sable spot, grey sleeve and hood;
A man's voice rises, and the murmuring throng
Of notes takes meaning, and becomes a song.

. . . . . .

Some instants yet, beneath the moonlit trees
The tones melodious dwell upon the breeze;
Quiver, then die away. The voice's thrill
Drops, like a homing bird; and all is still.
[R. H. S., London.]

Hark! Like the murmurs of a hidden nest
Come, in a tumult, laughter, voices gay,
And footsteps from wild, wooded deeps away.
And the great dusky forest that lies thrilled
With boundless dreamery of moonlight filled
Is 'ware of some soft, dulcet quivering,
That touches every leaf with shivering—
'Tis the guitar of Inspück, by the bell
That tinkles in the handle, known so well;
Then a man's voice that, mingling, strikes along,
Gives meaning to the tremor, grown a song.

. . . . . .

Some moments more the melody is breathed
Under the trees in glamorous moonbeams wreathed,
Then trembles, dies, and the voice, like a bird
Settling, is quiet, gone: nothing is heard.
[E. C. M., Cork.]

Other replies from: E. H. H., Streatham; R. W., Sutton; A. R. P., Hampstead; A. F., Exmouth; F. V. S., London; G. H. S., Manchester; "Tone," Chelsea; A. O.-D., London; M. T., North Berwick; P. L. B., Stoke Newington; L. M. L., Stafford; J. M. M., Aberdeen; H. H., Teddington; E. B., Liverpool; R. F. McC., Whitby; G. H., Malvern Wells; R. R., Hull; L. F. F., Streatham; T. C. B., Skipton; G. H., London; ——, Ealing; S. M., Addiscombe; and H. B. D., Torquay.

Competition No. 51 (New Series).

This is the season of Publishers' Announcements. We offer a prize of One Guinea for the most appetising set of four imaginary announcements of new books by living writers. To avoid possible embarrassments, all such publications should be accredited to the firm of Messrs. Tonson, Dodsley, & Tonson. The four paragraphs not to exceed 200 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, September 11. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

"Expectans," From the Battlefield to a Glorious Resurrection (Gale & Polden) 1 0
Little (Charles Joseph), Christianity and the Nineteenth Century (C. H. Kelly) 2/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Douglas (Langton), Fra Angelico .....(Bell)
Rickards (Marcus S. C.), Gleams through the Gloom. (Clifton: J. Baker & Son)
Dawson (W. J.), Savonarola: a Drama .....(Grant Richards) net 3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Roberton (Henry S.), Voices of the Past from Assyria and Babylonia. (Bell)

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Cotes (Kenelm D.), Social and Imperial Life of Britain. Vol. I. (Grant Richards) net 7 6

EDUCATIONAL.

Nall (G. H.), The Catiline of Sallust .....(Macmillan) 1/6
Gregory (R. A.) and Simmons (A. T.), Elementary Physics and Chemistry. (Macmillan) 1/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Buttery (John A.), Why Kruger Made War .....(Heinemann) 3/6
Bellamy (Rev. R. L.), Hints from Baden-Powell ..... (Gale & Polden) net 1/0
Neilly (J. Emerson), Besieged with B.-P. ..... (Pearson) net 1/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Rhys (Ernest), Frederick Lord Leighton. 3rd Edition .....(Bell) net 7/6
Boulger (Demetrius C.), A Short History of China .....(Gibbings)
Sykes (Jessica), Sidelights on the War in South Africa. 2nd Edition. (Unwin) 3/6
Sampson (George), Burke's French Revolution .....(Walter Scott) 1/6
Norris (F. W.), Orations of Cicero .....(Walter Scott) 1/6
Kenworthy (J. C.), The Anatomy of Misery. 2nd Edition .....(Simpkin)
Buckland (Francis T.), Curiosities of Natural History. 4 vols. (Macmillan) each 3/

*** *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

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Messieurs EDWARD LLOYD (his last Festival appearance), BEN DAVIES, WILLIAM GREEN, ANDREW BLACK, DAVID BISPHAM, and PLUNKET GREENE.

TUESDAY MORNING.—"ELIJAH."

TUESDAY EVENING.

Sir HUBERT PARRY'S "DE PROFUNDIS."
MOZART'S SYMPHONY IN C, "JUPITER."
WAGNER'S "TANNHAUSER" OVERTURE.
And MISCELLANEOUS.

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Mr. EDWARD ELGAR'S New Work, "DREAM OF GERONTIUS" (Composed expressly for this Festival).
SCHUBERT'S UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.
SELECTION from HANDEL'S "ISRAEL IN EGYPT."

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Mr. S. COLERIDGE TAYLOR'S SCENES from LONGFELLOW'S "SONG OF HIAWATHA."

THURSDAY MORNING.

BACH'S "ST. MATTHEW'S PASSION."

THURSDAY EVENING.

DVORAK'S "SPECTRE'S BRIDE."
GLAZOUNOW'S SIXTH SYMPHONY, and Miscellaneous.

FRIDAY MORNING.

BRAHMS'S "REQUIEM."
BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY, and Miscellaneous.

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Four Scholarships and One Exhibition, worth £150, £75, £75, £50, and £20 each, tenable for one year, will be competed for on September 28th, 1900—viz., Two Senior Open Scholarships, value £75 each, will be awarded to the best candidates (if of sufficient merit) in not more than three nor fewer than two of the following:—Chemistry, Physics, Zoology, Botany, Physiology, Anatomy.

Candidates for these Scholarships must be under twenty-five years of age, and must not have entered to the Medical and Surgical Practice of any London Medical School.

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The Jeaffreson Exhibition (value £30) will be competed for at the same time. The subjects of examination are Latin, Mathematics, and any one of the three following languages—Greek, French, and German. The Classical subjects are those of the London University Matriculation Examination of June, 1900.

The successful candidates in all these Scholarships will be required to enter to the full course at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the October succeeding the Examination.

For particulars, application may be made, personally or by letter, to the WARDEN OF THE COLLEGE, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

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